THE
# NATION

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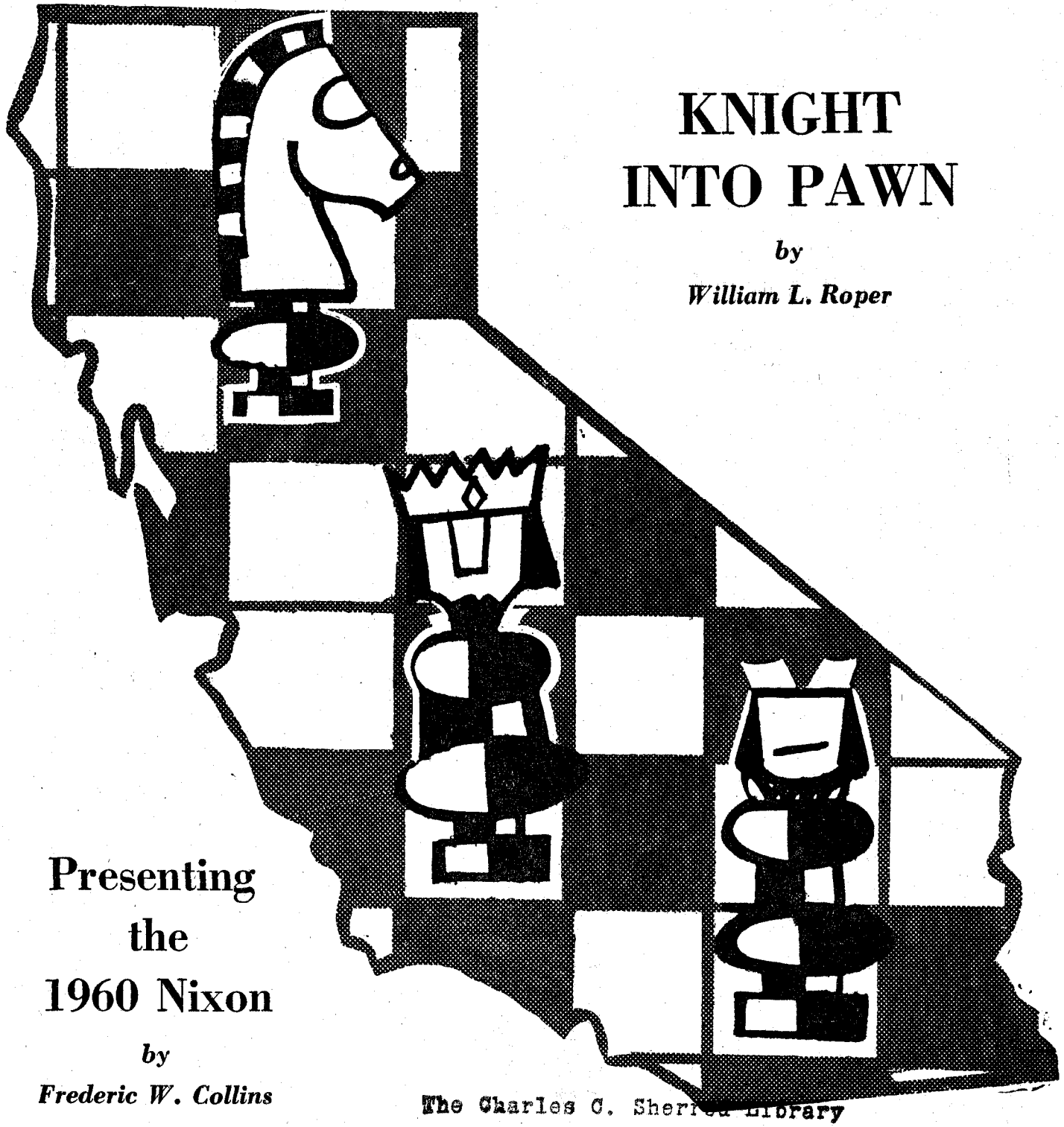

## KNIGHT INTO PAWN

*by*

*William L. Roper*

## Presenting the 1960 Nixon

*by*

*Frederic W. Collins*

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# LETTERS

## Democratic Problem

*Dear Sirs*: If Governor Williams' Challenge to the Democratic Party (*The Nation*, October 12) is the best that a liberal Democrat can offer, the party is in a sad way. The Governor says that the direction of the Democratic Party, from the time of Jefferson, has always been to uphold the doctrine that all men are created equal. In the context of the Governor's article, that is, the fight for civil rights for Negroes, this is a strange statement. Before the Civil War, the Democratic Party was the stronghold of slaveholders; during the Civil War, some of its Northern leaders were almost traitorous in their opposition to the war; after the Civil War, it again became the refuge of the former slaveholders in their opposition to the rights guaranteed to the Negro by the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments.

While I agree with Governor Williams that the President might have avoided the whole situation by firmer and prompter action, Mr. Williams has to admit that the President *acted*—and acted rightly. The recent manifesto of the Democratic Party National Advisory Committee offers us no guarantee that Mr. Stevenson would have done the same.

If the Democratic Party is to succeed nationally, it must, as Governor Williams says, guarantee equality of citizenship regardless of race, creed or color. It seems to me that the weakness of Governor Williams' position is that he does not envisage the *necessity* of driving out of the party those who do not follow even the modest principles laid down in its national platform.

HENRY ABRAMS

*New York City*

## The Rocket's the Thing

*Dear Sirs*: Dr. Harlow Shapley makes a number of good points in his article (*The Nation*, October 26), not the least of which is the fact that we would not be behind in rocket technology if our government had "respected its scientific technicians" and given them more money. He also notes, but only casually, that Americans were surprised at the size and weight of the satellite. This, of course, is precisely the thing that *is* important. Perhaps because he is an astronomer, Dr. Shapley is particularly interested in the satellite itself; but to missile researchers and military tacticians, as it should be to all of us, the important thing is not Sputnik but the device which put it there. It is beside the point to say that we are almost ready to launch our own satellite, and that we have been delayed by our desire to equip it with better instruments than the Soviets have used. The brutal fact remains that while we are only *probably* capable of launching a twenty-two-pound satellite, the Russians *have* launched a satellite requiring a three-stage rocket eight times as powerful as any we have yet built!

JUSTIN BLACKWELDER

*Washington, D.C.*

## Author Dissents

*Dear Sirs*: Since I value *The Nation* and its readership so highly, I wonder if it will seem presumptuous to enter a dissenting opinion to Mr. Harvey Swados' review of my novel, *The Blue Chips*, which appeared in your issue of Oct. 19. The dissent is in the form of a communication recently received from Sean O'Casey:

"I've read *The Blue Chips*; read it slowly but with unfading interest. To read it at all is more than something, for nowadays, and for so long time past, I find it near impossible to read a novel. As a novel, I think it fine, and goes ahead like a burning building. In a lot of ways, it is a frightening book, and makes us, laymen, anxious about the way life-saving drugs can be controlled and exploited by profit-making companies.

"The characters, I think, are well drawn, and the deterioration of the central character, fine fellow as he is, away from his scientific integrity is ruthless, but, as you do it, inevitable; and forms a sad and exciting requiem over a clever and good man losing his soul for what will perish sooner than an autumn petal on a fading flower.

"I've read it, liked it, and think it has conviction shown with power. With my heart and mind I wish *The Blue Chips* every success."

Perhaps I should add that the British edition has just been published by Hamish Hamilton, Ltd., and is provoking considerable comment in England.

JAY DEISS

*Wellfleet, Mass.*

## The Differences Count

*Dear Sirs:* Of course, Mr. Krock is right and Mr. Weissman (*The Nation*, Oct. 5) is profoundly wrong. A cow is different from a horse; a miner is different from an oil company; and protection to a Negro child under the Fourteenth Amendment is another matter from protection of property. I'm sure Mr. Krock can write a column explaining these facts any day. If he's too busy, the New York *Herald Tribune* has Mr. David Lawrence who can do an even more righteous job.

HARRY GRUNDFEST

*New York City*

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George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

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THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

## A Day of Speeches

November 13 was speech-day for the Administration. The high point, of course, was the President's speech from Oklahoma City. The Boswell of the White House, Mr. Robert J. Donovan of the New York *Herald Tribune*, was merely one of a number of journalists who managed to focus exceptional attention on this address. It was, Mr. Donovan pointed out, to be no ordinary speech. More than usual care had gone into its preparation: a dozen or so drafts had been widely circulated; material had been contributed by experts from the National Security Council and the state and defense departments. America's "unique contribution to literary production" was this new art form, the Presidential speech, modern style. Just as Alexander Hamilton wrote the Farewell Address for President Washington and Roger B. Taney did most of the work on President Jackson's famous message on the Bank of the United States, so Arthur Larson was laboring mightily, with the assistance of Mr. Sherman Adams, Maj. Gen. Wilton B. Persons, to produce a great speech for the President on science and national security.

We viewed the President on television, we read the speech in cold type, and, frankly, we are a bit puzzled. If this is a sample of the new art form which represents this country's unique contribution to literary production, then there is genuine cause for national embarrassment. Aside from the fact that the President really had nothing to say, the phrasing, organization and presentation of this emptiness was the work of uninspired amateurs, i.e. speechsmiths who are less competent than hacks. Commentators, rather embarrassed for the President, suggested that, after all, the speech was tailored for an Oklahoma audience. We had not realized that things were this bad in Oklahoma. But Mr. Donovan informs us that the Oklahoma locale was deliberately selected by Mr. Sherman Adams, so even this alibi must be rejected.

On the same day that the President spoke, Mr. Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce, told a Washington audience of businessmen that while "no effort is too gigantic" where survival is at stake, nevertheless the time was approaching when we must have "a little less butter and a few more guns." A little earlier, Mr. John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State, told the same audience that the urgency of the cold war means that Americans might have to make sacrifices and also "give up small, marginal freedoms" to retain their individual freedom. Since we can't offhand think of any "small marginal freedoms" and are adamantly opposed to surrendering freedom *per se*, we must enter a demurrer to Mr. Dulles' proposal. Rather than surrender any freedoms, we would much rather dispense with a few small, marginal officials, and the name of John Foster Dulles heads the list.

November 13 must go down as a bad day for the Administration. A few more such fits of speech-making and it will be done in.

## The Administration's New Consultant

What this country needs least in the conduct of foreign affairs at the moment is a bipartisan determination to close ranks, keep a stiff upper lip, and adhere to the same old line. By rejecting the Administration's invitation to participate in the work of the staff group that is drafting proposals for the North Atlantic Council meeting in Paris on December 16, Adlai Stevenson has managed to retain a measure of independence as titular leader of the Democratic Party. But is it desirable that he should participate even to the extent of commenting on the draft proposals? He is not being consulted as an expert, but as the head of the opposition party. As such, he should not be committed in any way in the preparatory staff work or in the conference itself. It is not expert advice, in any case, that the Administration needs; what it needs most is an opposition party with a policy and program of its own.

It is not by chance that American policy is sterile and unimaginative; conformity breeds sterility. If the Administration were forced to meet the challenge not of a quibbling, fault-finding, hair-splitting opposition, but of bold alternative proposals, it might be forced to re-think some of its positions. For example, it should be challenged by an opposition that advocates the recognition of China and its admission to the United Na-

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tions before the Soviets reconstitute the Cominform. That advocates an arms embargo for the Middle East. That favors bilateral talks with the Soviet Union. That insists on an immediate suspension of nuclear-bomb tests. That finds merit in the Soviet proposal for a world conference of scientists to discuss ways and means of mitigating the arms race. That recognizes that the original NATO concept was based on a weapons system that is now obsolete and on a set of assumptions that are no longer valid.

Our problem is not to present an impressive bipartisan front at Paris. On the contrary, the Administration should be forewarned that it will have to meet the sharpest critical attack on its performance that an unfettered opposition can mount. Even before Mr. Dulles and the President return, the opposition should exhibit its own foreign-policy wares, so that the public will have some basis for judging the merits of the Administration proposals. At the moment the chief danger is not disunity but banality. Uncertain which direction to take, the Administration is in danger of falling back to positions that seem safe only because they are familiar: strengthen NATO, restore the Western Alliance, preach containment, etc. But a new set of conditions prevails and new policies are called for. The Administration, to repeat, does not need support or advice; it needs competition and criticism.

## Halloween Stuff

This year Halloween was a so-so affair, a little lacking in verve and gaiety and noise. But in the wake of Sputnik II, stories of ghosts and goblins and let's-scare-each-other-to-death pranks have been bobbing up in the news like apples in a Halloween bucket. Trouble is that these stories neither frighten nor amaze in the clear light of day. For example, General Curtis LeMay's effort to give "dramatic punch" to Air Force contentions about manned bombers and the like by flying a big jet Stratotanker to Buenos Aires nonstop, a distance of 6,350 miles, at an average speed of 480 miles an hour, was ludicrously lacking in drama and punch. So rapidly and radically have our notions of speed been revised that one feels impatient and a bit annoyed with the General for taking thirteen hours and two minutes to travel a mere 6,350 miles. Gen. LeMay, indulging in calculated understatement, described his mission as "just another cross-country flight" and, alas! that just about describes it. Nor is one impressed by the scheduled nineteen-hour flight of three B-66 twin-jet light bombers from California to Manila, a distance of 8,500 miles. If half of what Lt. Gen. Stanley R. Mickelsen, chief of the Army's Air Defense Command, had to say in his October 31 speech about the deadly effectiveness of anti-aircraft misiles is correct, then neither flight is reassuring as evidence of potential deterrent power.

The Russians, we may be sure, are not frightened and it would be disappointing to learn that either Congress or the public has been taken in by this pretentious sabre-rattling. Isn't it time we put an end to it? "I think," said former Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, in a recent interview, "we should give a little more thought to how to take the heat out of the world. You can't live in fear forever. . . . If we mobilize our country into an armed camp, we'd have to preach so much fire and heat to get our people to accept it that we ourselves might be likely to precipitate the war." Few news stories interest us less nowadays than these Air Force publicity stunts. The Air Force should demobilize its P.R. section. Halloween is over.

## Let There Be *Life!*

Of all the curious pyrotechnics produced by Sputnik I and II (see page 379), those recorded in the editorial headquarters of *Life* are, perhaps, the most sensational. In the November 18 issue, Mr. Luce's gifted editorial writers have themselves a fling. Energies pent-up for months find exuberant expression. Carried from one dizzy height to the next, the reader puts the issue down with that peculiar sense of complete exhaustion that follows in the wake of long-sustained nervous excitement. On page 53, *Life* comes out foursquare against the tariff system—in the name of free private enterprise! Enough shillyshallying, hedging and beating-about-the-bush; the entire tariff system must go, and now, period. Then, page 126, the reader is exhorted to face up to the dire realities which the Sputniks portend. This is it! We must have faith in our leaders. But, alas! we have no really great ones. All the same we must have faith. The end of the world may be close at hand. We have frittered away twelve years fighting Communists only to find that there are more of them than ever. Not a minute to lose. To the ramparts. We may go the way of Rome and Carthage. Not much time is left. The reader gasps convulsively. What to do? It's simple. We must each decide what we really want of life, lower case. "A Cadillac? a color television set? lower income taxes?—or to live in freedom?" Admirable. But (puzzle) in the same issue appears a handsome, glittering three-page special color ad, gold-tinted, for the New American Classic, namely (you guessed it), the 1958 Cadillac, not to mention nineteen full pages of additional automobile advertising. *Life*, clearly, knows what it wants: freedom *and* the Cadillac acount; all this and free trade too.

But what if millions of *Life* readers, responding to the magazine's eloquent call to action, opted for freedom minus the Cadillac? Would we then have to forego fat picture-magazines as part of the new austerity? Lead on, *Life*; this is one type of belt-tightening we look forward to with pleasure.



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# A FAST BUCK on SPUTNIK . . *by Patrick D. Hazard*

WHILE THE ROCKET seen 'round the world symbolizes a revolutionary new image of Soviet scientific capacity, the reactions to it of the American business community symbolize the anti-intellectualism that has dampened our own technological growth. For, at the same time that responsible Americans responded to the Russian advance with a high seriousness as unusual as it is welcome, the gray-flannel mouths went right on working the angles. To the American business community, and the wizards of wish and whimsy who batten on its chronic malaise of under-consumption, Sputnik was but another gimmick with which to "get" the mass consumer.

The entire country is crawling with Soviet satellites. An Atlanta restaurant comes out with a Sputnikburger with small dog, the "dog" being a cocktail sausage on a hamburger garnished with "Czarist Russian dressing" topped by a "satellite olive." A canny Philadelphia grocer moved his overstocked, undersized potatoes by dubbing them "spudniks." A new potato peeler is, inevitably, a Spudnik. Ronson rushes a TV commercial on the air for its new buton-fueled pocket lighter; the ad has a beeping radio background, zooming rocket ships, animated space figures. Even staid Rand McNally, with a solid reputation for keeping its feet on the ground, stoops to conquer in its latest advertising space by suggesting: ". . . When the rockets take off for outer space . . . it would seem only natural to stop off at your nearest moon and ask the man for a free Rand McNally space chart." And Wallachs, a sedate New York City clothier, got into the right orbit with a full-page ad in the *Times* (Nov. 7) showing the Muttnik's parachuted canine touching down amidst a group of blasé, Wallach-appareled members of the Madison Avenue aristocracy. The copy was tongue-in-cheek:

> New Yorkers take *anything* in their stride! . . . not the least of it, the most unpredictable weather this side of Outer Space. Today's balmy temperatures aren't fooling anyone. Why not get the jump on the first big breeze by choosing your new Hart Schaffner & Marx coat—now. You could circle the globe and find no greater selection of fine fabrics, new patterns and distinctive styles than you'll find today at your nearest Wallach store.

Now there's more to this kind of *au-courantist* wit than there is in the grim jokes about Sputnik which mask our fear (e.g., the Sputnik cocktail: one part vodka, three parts sour grapes). For the gay-dog, devil-may-care mentality which is the advertiser's stock in trade is revealed by things like Sputnik for what it is —an adolescent, anti-intellectual pose that is supposed to solve some of the production dilemmas of a machine society. The adult answer to sticky sales would be a long-range effort to raise the tastes and intellectual aspirations of the American people so that their deepening desires might take up the slack of factories. Madison Avenue's facile solution of bigger and bigger advertising budgets to hornswoggle the consumer into action makes the adult goal ever more difficult to achieve. Every time we allow ourselves to use a Sputnik-type bandwagon to marshal public awareness of a product, or cause, or set of values, we make it that much more difficult to appeal to men rationally and for more than trivial purposes.

The search for gimmicks that will move goods, instead of the search for mature uses of technology that will satisfy the ad-suppressed desire for the good life, is at the heart of American anti-intellectualism. Take the motion-picture industry. A jaded *Variety* reporter recently observed that "the road to riches is partly paved with gimmicks." Hollywood 1957 has been the year of "inexpensive exploitation products," "horroramas" and outer-space movies. Sputnik is just the latest of the Monsters to be exploited. The Red star has, for example, proved a "convenient trailer in the sky" for a movie version of Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon*, the filming of which has been pushed up from next year to within the next four to six weeks. Crash programs (even in *nineteenth*-century rocketry) are a commendable display of America's intellectual and imaginative vigor.

Sputnik also "cued a quick booking" of Walt Disney's *Man in Space* for a local New York theatre. It further prompted the movie moguls to dust off film cans labeled *When Worlds Collide, Conquest of Space, This Island Earth, It Came From Outer Space* and *Satellite in the Sky*. Hollywood's handsome contributions to our pre-Sputnik intellectual development thus give the American teen-ager's mind another witless spin. Is it any wonder the adolescent in our society is at loose ends, and academically childish? While Russian children have been absorbing up to ten years' rigorous scientific training by the end of high school, ours have been watching these parodies of science. This is a horror story that Hollywood would find little money in.

AND if cinematic cynics have found a gold mine, can TV's prospectors be far behind? The frantic phone calls of TV programmers have forced *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet* out of interplanetary retirement (TV buffs lost interest in "science" in 1952); new cosmic episodes are already in production. Official Films caught the eye and contractual pen of eight station policymakers within a few days of a direct mailing about *Rocky Jones, Space Ranger*. Ziv's *Science Fiction Theatre* is also getting a new Kremlin-inspired whirl. (It must be reassuring to the Russians, if they read *Variety: Tales of Tomorrow, Space Patrol* and *Space Funnies* also suddenly have new futures.)

Tin Pan Alley has its own crash programs to fill what Thoreau called the "broad, flapping American ear." The U.S. Copyright Office reported that by November 7 at least three patriotic songwriters had come to

*PATRICK D. HAZARD, a postdoctoral fellow at the University of Pennsylvania, is setting up an experimental course in mass culture for the university's Department of American Civilization.*



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their country's defense in the dark hour of Sputnik's ascendancy. Sam Manning of New York City was the first to file an appropriate ditty: *Bee Beep, Bee Beep—Round and Round the Sputnik Goes.* This, a mere five days after blasting off. Gerald Englerth reflected five more days for his creation:

I'm flying all around the world
With my crazy satellite girl.
Well, ever since the satellite's birth,
We've been circling around the earth.

Or this deathless couplet:

I say the fun has just begun
We're on Sputnik No. 1.

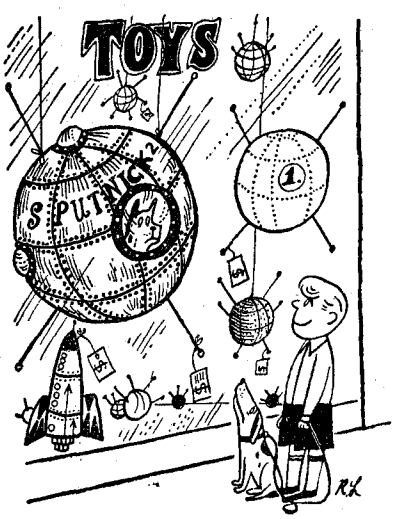
A certain pseudonymous Peter Prokovieff Philbrick Shultz was next with *Sputnik!—Tango di USSR,* but this freedom fighter's blow for culture was actually registered with another star-shine patriot, a C. H. McEntyre of LaCanada, California. May his fiddle hold up under the intense heat. Englerth, in a veritable fit of creativity, has already confessed to *Puppynik,* celebrating another Soviet phenomenon—but with the same good old American doggerel.

The *Wall Street Journal* reported (Nov. 6) that the toymakers were jumping into the Sputnik's orbit too. Or, as the reporter put it: "Enterprising U.S. companies hope to push their sales to higher orbits by exploiting Russia's Sputnik I and II." Numerous manufacturers have launched "crash programs to get out new products either Sputnik-shaped or Sputnik-named." The inventory of such national-security projects includes, at this early date, play helmets, bubble gum, balloons, Christmas candy and sequin decorations for ladies' dresses shaped like the orbiting artificial stars. Books, telescopes, globes, cars and pickles are among the commodities receiving a boost from the agency branch-office in Moscow.

The approaching Christmas season always has its own special anxieties for the ambitious toyman. But charitable Russian atheists have conveniently timed their rocketry to give an extra push to our commercial Saint Nicks, who are sweating more from fat inventories than from their pillowed, red-flannel suits. Observes Irving Cohen, senior vice-president of the Ideal Toy Corp.: "We're quite thankful to the Russian scientists for their timing." Ideal moved up release dates on a "Satellite Launcher Truck," a $4.98 contraption which shoots discs forty-five feet into the air, and a $7.98 Sky Sweeper which projects images of aircraft (and now Sputniks) onto the wall to be dispatched with suction-tipped missiles from the game's twin-rocket launchers. Truly an ideal boy's game in a man's world. Or to put the same childish values into merchandising categories, the same company's books show 200,000 satellite launchers shipped since Sputnik, against an anticipated 100,000. Progress depends on the orbit you're keeping. Ideal was able to make its contribution to America's growth by working its staff till 2 a.m. for three nights after the Soviet launching. "We had our space toys on the market forty-eight hours after Sputnik started circling."

There are other hustlers for the public welfare in the American business community. Park Plastics, Linden, N. J., simply taped the word "Sputnik" in the appropriate places on its satellite battle stations; it also added a throaty beep sound to its toy. Now that ought to interest a lot of youngsters in algebra and physics. To take care of expected retailer demand, Arthur Lange, company president, thoughtfully moved eighty people on the water-pistol production line over to the space-toy department.

Coleco Toy Products of Hartford, Connecticut, has already made 80,000 space helmets to cover the empty heads of America's pre-adolescents—good insurance that they will be too hopped up to get anything out of their math and science classes. It all started (two spring wires for antennas and painted-on stars) at the Monday lunch after Sputnik. By nightfall, plans had matured; four days later around-the-clock production was under way.




OTHER imaginative American industrialists are throwing their newts and toads into this bubbling cauldron of inane and enervating agitation. A Ravenna, Ohio, firm has a balloon in the works. Walgreen Drug Stores will soon dispense a Sputnik bubble gum. But all is not right in this best of all possible worlds of play. A Chicago toy manufacturer opines that there is considerable consumer resentment of the man-made star as Russian; such consumer resentment can lead to consumer resistance. Comments a thoughtful account executive for a Chicago ad agency: "If the United States had launched it first, the response would have over-shadowed Davy Crockett." As a matter of fact, the manufacturers of play suits are puzzled by the sticky space-suit market; it seems cowboy get-ups, thanks to TV, move much faster. Perhaps, after all, cosmopolitan spacemen are un-American, at least compared with their horse-borne ancestors.

There are other matters for Doctor Pangloss to explain. International Business Machines, which had contracted to sponsor a live TV pickup of this country's satellite launching, has reneged. It doesn't take an electronic brain to see how awkward it would be to hitch a corporate wagon to a second-rate star. And Andrew L. Stone glumly junked plans for *The Guided Missile,* a documentary to be made at White Sands, N.M., into which he had put months of preparation. Stone was bitter about the Navy's getting the satellite program when the Army was so much more advanced. "While in the Pentagon," Stone harrumphed, "I told the top boys there, that if we didn't hurry with our missile program, the Russians would beat us. To which they replied . . . 'We're not in a satellite race with any country.'" When, in



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technical consultations with the Army, he found that a crash program could have launched a satellite within a ninety-day period at a cost of around $1,500,000. Stone even offered to raise the sum! No wonder the gimmick-happy American producer is grateful to the Russian-financed Sputnik; it saves him money.

Even the brilliantly executed news coverage of Sputnik reveals the enormous anti-intellectual potential built into our way of life. The aim of the mass media is to get there the firstest with the leastest: scoop replaces scope. When a system of information careens from one spectacular tragedy to another tragic spectacle, it is in an increasingly difficult position to attract attention; readers and viewers have to be shaken out of a media-induced daze for something really important. Specifically, Queen Elizabeth provided us with a royally meaningless transition from the national black eye of Little Rock to Sputnik's international challenge to our technological leadership.

As sober and responsible a magazine as *Newsweek* succumbed to the hysteria by launching almost overnight a new department, "Space and the Atom," proudly billed as "the first in any magazine." "Like it or not," the publisher pontificated, "the fate of every one of us is inextricably bound up with the development of space travel and atomic energy. . . . You will find this new department invaluable in stimulating your thinking about the significance of our atomic future and man's exciting step-by-step venture into outer space." The force of Sputnik's shock to even the intelligent American is visible in these purple passages emerging from *Newsweek's* usual gray columns. But surely the magazine's intellectual function is to anticipate soberly, but not to panic into a new department that feeds the very hysteria it claims to dispel. Space and the atom and technology and science have been that important for ten years, but each week a publisher must look for new ways to build circulation in a culture screaming with hucksters' calls. It is all right for journalists to be constantly racing press deadlines, but when they begin to share their professional headaches with their readers, they give the nation a continuous case of ideological jitters. To use the phrase of that musical master of useless agitation, this kind of informational diet leaves us "All Shook Up." And it is a sorrow to report that the dean of the nation's leading graduate school of journalism solemnly saluted *Newsweek* for its grandstanding: "I was truly proud of *Newsweek* this week," wrote Dean Edward W. Barrett of Columbia. "You showed superb alertness on Sputnik." The magazine's new department, regardless of its merits, simply underscores the fact that "moving fast" has become an end in itself on all levels of American journalism.

We can soon reach a point when "keeping on top of the news" leads to a special form of misunderstanding—contemporamania. Our national metabolism, hypoed beyond endurance by advertising intoxicants, needs sedatives, not adrenalin, to meet the perennial crisis of the next few decades. Our media, both as promoters of merchandise and disseminators of ideas, do not let us calm down enough; as the case of Sputnik shows, we permit crises and all other kinds of extraordinary public awareness to be perverted for cheap purposes. Admen and businessmen use unavoidable agitation to further agitate the public for private goals. Who cares for the commonweal? Some day they will figure out how to use an earthquake to sell earth-moving machinery.

But perhaps the infantile and subversive reactions of admen and toymen to the not-very-silly Russian bauble can make us appreciate the insanity of Madison Avenue's prefabricated daily Babel. Meanwhile, there is a grim irony in the Russian propaganda victory. Their first satellite (too high for optimum scientific observation, and transmitting on frequencies ill-suited to maximum world-wide tracking)was more a successful advertising campaign than a successfully collaborative IGY venture. That may explain the sudden flareup of cosmic brainstorming along Madison Avenue. Sputnik rather beat the sky-writing, zeppelin-hiring fraternity at its own game of razzmatazz.

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# PRESENTING the 1960 NIXON . . *by Frederic W. Collins*

*Washington*

WHILE BEHIND closed doors and drawn blinds the automobile industry has been sweating out the 1958 models which are now bursting out upon us in page after page of dazzling full color, mysterious labors in political engineering and styling have gotten a two-year jump on Detroit with the unveiling of the new Nixon, not for 1958, not for 1959, but for 1960. The advertising from Washington and California has not been one whit, or perhaps one should say not one Whittier, less strident, nor for that matter less colorful, than that from the auto city, although in one case it is paid, at page rates, and in the other it is free, at column length. In politics as in automobiles, progress has been developmental and largely concentrated on externals, the chassis and power plant remaining essentially unchanged. Re-tooling being prohibitively expensive in Detroit and prohibitively difficult in politics, recourse has been to restyling, and if it cannot be said that Mr. Nixon has a sawbuck for every fin, and if he is still binocular while Detroit has opted unanimously for quadri-beam vision, he exhibits, beyond any question, the Forward

*FREDERIC W. COLLINS, a frequent contributor, is Washington correspondent of the Providence (R. I.)* Journal.



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Look. In the Presidential class, political models go on the market only every four years, but the customers keep peeking in between, seeking to make up their minds long before the product reaches the salesroom floor. It is already clear that the choice of a style for 1960 requires decisions, or more accurately, gambles, not later than the fall of 1957. As a matter of fact, the 1960 Nixon went on the drawing boards soon after November, 1954. It has had several test runs, including the famed African endurance run and a submerged trial in the Suez Canal policy, and was ready to be offered to dealers by late November, 1956.

In keeping with the trend in Detroit, the new Nixon is described as broader but definitely not lower (one is reminded of the growing opinion among designers that the point of diminishing returns has been reached in the low look). The power plant develops more horsepower, due to a higher ambition intake attributable to the approach of 1960 rather than to radical innovation in engineering. The steering is more nearly self-contained, depending less and less on the old Eisenhower correction system. It features push-button position selectors, and pneumo-casuist suspension intended to give a smooth ride over the roughest of issues. An advanced differential provides dependable pulling power when traction is poor, as, for example, in mud. The secret is in an added component which permits the Nixon to cover up its own tracks while still digging its treads in.

THE LINE, WHICH covers every pocketbook range, includes a convertible convertible convertible to insure comfortable driving conditions in the extremes of political climate found in various parts of the country. The model to be pushed the hardest, however, has been named the Progressive. The most pronounced change here is that the elephant's trunk has been discarded from the front-end design and appears only as a vestigial, highly-stylized ornament on the rear bumper, so that it is hard to tell what it is until the question becomes what it was.

While foreign influence on the new design is minimized in the advertising, the styling specifications show a readiness to meet foreign competition and a sympathy for legitimate foreign aspirations. Indeed, from one end of the line to the other, the most striking feature of the 1960 Nixon is the widescreen wrap-around picture-window compound-curve non-glare distortion-free non-shatterable globe-o-ramic windshield, which enables the driver to see little people in the road as far away as Indonesia. While the new Nixon is not built to run a milk route among the Hottentots, its designer intends that the international-type Viewpoint (as the windshield is called in the brochures)

shall make it easier to carry private capital to all parts of the world and lessen traffic congestion in the commercial arteries thereof.

The new Nixon is quieter-running, and out of respect to the Supreme Court, has black-and-white sidewalls appropriate for Northern urban constituencies, or rather, markets. This is a natural evolution from Checkers. Like its predecessors, it derives some of its propulsion from oil (and even natural gas) as well as gasoline. The transmission is of the variable-pitch type, depending on the nature of the audience to which campaign torque is being delivered. The displacement has been increased over that which worked so well against the 1956 Stassen, on the ground that not only the 1960 Stassen but the 1960 Knowland and entries not yet registered, are now challenging. It is expected that a special-body entry called the Coupe de Grace will be called upon in the finals, but its full specifications are still on the secret list because of a desire to focus attention on the stock 1960 Nixon.

While the Bold Look and the Broad-Shouldered Look have been carried forward to some extent in the styling, the over-all effect, or more precisely, the overall effect, has been dubbed the Sincere Look. In the convertibles, for example, the tops are of re-processed wool, the use of mink having been vetoed, and the pneumo-casuist suspension, as the engineers call it, is referred to in consumer literature as providing "total leveling."

The 1960 Nixon undoubtedly represents a daring departure in styling over the configuration and characteristics the fans of the old Nixon were accustomed to. Its marketability appears now to be high, but cannot be proven except under 1960 conditions. For example, customers who bought and liked the 1946 Nixon (the one with Helen Gahagan Douglas' head for a radiator ornament), or the 1954 Nixon (the one with the hatchet clipped to the aerial), may feel that they have been forgotten.

ON THE OTHER hand, the new exhaust system, designed to prevent accumulations of non-combustible deposits in the Treasury by blowing them into foreign-aid programs, and the reversible export-import carburetor for two-way streets in international trade, may set up consumer resistance not only in the areas of the industrial North, where depression is attributed to foreigners, but increasingly in the increasingly-industrialized South. And the color schemes, insistently two-toned, could repel buyers in the deep South.

Of course, in the case of the 1960 Nixon, the designer is also his own best salesman. Several distance runs before 1960 may emphasize his contention that the farther it runs, the broader the 1960 Nixon gets, and that by buying time there just won't be room for anything else on the road.



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# KNIGHT INTO PAWN . . *by William L. Roper*

*Los Angeles*

IN ABANDONING the gubernatorial race to Senator Knowland and deciding to run, instead, for the Senate seat from which Knowland is retiring, California's hand-shaking Governor Knight is bowing to a will stronger than his own. The question is: whose will? And the generally accepted answer is: Vice President Nixon's. But this is too pat an answer for anything that has to do with the complexities of California politics, and perhaps gives too much credit to Mr. Nixon, who is, after all, no more than an absentee landlord—albeit a powerful one—of the California GOP machine.

It is true that nearly all polls have shown Governor Knight to be less popular with Republican voters of the state than Senator Knowland, and that he would likely lose to Knowland in the primary. It is also true that Knight has described himself as a political realist who would never run in a losing cause. Yet on January 17—the very day Knowland first announced he was retiring from the Senate—the Governor said he would not run for the Senate.

What induced him to change his mind? Publicly, he explains that concern over party harmony was the chief motivating factor: he wants to avoid a primary battle that might wreck Republican chances in 1958 and 1960. But privately he and his supporters offer a more cogent explanation: Knowland's supporters cut off his campaign funds.

In other words, somebody upstairs laid down the line: "Not a dime for Knight."

Thus spoke the kingmakers, the money men who give the lie to those GOP propagandists who insist that in California, at least, there are no Republican bosses.

King of the kingmakers is Norman Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*. The *Times* is the dominant voice in the Republican hierarchy of Southern California—perhaps of all California. Although the paper supported Knight in 1954, it has been critical of him since he announced that he would veto any "right-to-work" bill.

The power of the *Times* is proverbial and the Times-Mirror Company is owned by the Chandler family. No point is served by ticking off a list of Chandler holdings, for no listing would be complete. *Time* of July 15 merely succeeded in showing that the Chandler influence, a key factor in founding the $2.5 billion aircraft industry, extends throughout Southern California, which is today—more than ever—the center of the state's power, wealth and population.

THE *TIMES* is the trumpet voice in the control tower of GOP politics. But sometimes its publisher chooses to discard the loudspeaker and to speak softly (though the effect is not noticeably lessened). Thus, in recent weeks, Mr. Chandler sent three urgent, private suggestions to Governor Knight that he declare himself out of the 1958 gubernatorial race. The third and last message was delivered personally by Mr. Chandler's wife, Buff, who after discharging her duty, announced: "Goodie Knight and I are old friends. I told him I felt he couldn't win."

*Governor Knight*

In having his wife carry the message to Knight, Mr. Chandler was departing from a traditional pattern. Usually it is Kyle Palmer, the chubby-faced political editor, who carries the deuce of spades to those marked for political extinction. For many years, he has been both Napoleon and water-boy for the *Times*, planning political strategy and running errands for the Republican hierarchy of Southern California. Cooperating with him in laying out strategy are Asa V. Call of Beverly Hills, insurance executive; Murray M. Chotiner, Beverly Hills attorney and former campaign manager for both Knowland and Vice President Richard M. Nixon (see *The Nation*, July 2, 1955); and Bernard C. Brennan, former campaign manager for William G. Bonelli and others.

In 1952, it was at Palmer's home that Chotiner and forty GOP workers gathered for a dinner meeting to plan the strategy for that year's Presidential—and Vice-Presidential—races. Two years earlier, it was Palmer who conveyed the news to Knight that the "Draft Knight for Governor" campaign in 1950 must be canceled pending the then Governor Warren's decision to bow out of the picture. Early in 1946, it was Palmer again who served a similar "quit and desist" notice on Lieut. Gov. Frederick F. Houser, who had announced plans for running against Senator Knowland in the Republican primaries. And in 1938, it was Lieut. Gov. George Hatfield's courageous refusal to knuckle under to the *Times's* order that he get out of the gubernatorial race that led to a Republican split and opened the way to the election of Culbert L. Olson, California's first Democratic Governor in forty years.

THESE bits of history are cited to show the power of the *Times* and the financial interests it represents.

What Republican leader in California can challenge the *Times*? Governor Knight's most powerful supporter, perhaps, is his 1954 campaign manager, Howard F. Ahmanson, president of the $80,000,000

*WILLIAM L. ROPER is a California free-lance writer specializing in state politics.*



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Home Savings and Loan Association of Los Angeles. But Ahmanson cannot dominate the Southern California primaries (where 44 per cent of the state's vote is located); he cannot control the selection of district leaders, precinct captains and county committeemen; he cannot shut off a candidate's campaign finances. The *Times* can do all this—and does.

The power of California's kingmakers, allied with the *Times*, lies in their ability to control campaign finances. The Who's Who of the GOP financial set-up here opens windows upon some entrancing vistas.

The chairman of the Republican State Finance Committee is Justin W. Dart, an official of the Rexall Drug Company, nation-wide chain-store operatives. He works in close cooperation with Charles Sparks Thomas, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Thomas, a former Navy procurement officer and a former Secretary of the Navy, has awarded military contracts, running into many millions, to West Coast companies for aircraft and missiles. And Thomas represents a doubly powerful link between the massive California aircraft industry and the GOP's national treasury: before going to Washington, he was a trustee of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Still another link between the aircraft industry and GOP politics is represented by John A. McCone, Los Angeles Republican industrialist who is non-partisan enough to have served on President Truman's Air Policy Commission, as deputy to the Secretary of Defense in 1948, and as Under-Secretary of the Air Force (1950-1951). Mr. McCone dropped in at the White House on November 1 to discuss "politics" with President Eisenhower. The discussion prepared the way for Knight's withdrawal from the race against Knowland.

The chairman of the United Republican Precinct Organization is Walter C. Smith, a vice president of Lockheed (in the three-year period ending June 30, 1956, Lockheed received defense contracts totaling $84,253,000). The chairman of the Republican Associates' Executive Committee is Homer M. Preston, an official of Richfield Oil. And the new chairman of the Los Angeles County Republican Central Committee, Robert F. Finch, has an especially interesting history. Finch served as executive secretary to Los Angeles' Mayor Poulson when Poulson was in Congress. He is rated a friend of Vice-President Nixon and an enemy of Knight. Twice an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in recent years, he fell out with the Governor three years ago when Knight gave aid to Fitch's Democratic opponent, Representative Cecil R. King.

Chotiner, a professional political wire-puller and political campaign organizer, is still influential as a member of the Republican State Central Committee despite his benching, during the 1956 Presidential campaign, by Leonard Hall, who was then director of the Republican National Committee.

LEST IT BE thought that the plot against Governor Knight was restricted to Southern California, it is useful to point out that the Governor's campaign funds dried up as suddenly in San Francisco as they did around Los Angeles. Pressures were brought against the money sources usually tapped by Charles Blythe, an investment banker, and Jerd Sullivan, another banker, who for years have been the most effective money-raisers in the northern part of the state. Blythe, running to cover under the drought, went along with the decision which took Knight out of the gubernatorial race. Sullivan took the turn of events less calmly. "A group from Los Angeles" put him in a tough spot, he complained. "It seems," he said, "like an effort on the part of Norman Chandler to do whatever he wants to."

What Chandler wants is already clear. "I think Dick Nixon would make one of the finest Presidents the U.S. ever had," he has said. "Bill Knowland is a fine man, but if they are both candidates for the GOP nomination in 1960, Mr. Nixon will get the support of the *Times*."

# Puerto Rico: Rebels Find a Welcome.. *by Dan Wakefield*

*San Juan, Puerto Rico*

IN A MAKESHIFT meeting hall above a café in San Juan's suburbs, a small, enthusiastic audience sat before the flag-draped pictures of Jose Marti and Fidel Castro—dead and living symbols of Cuban freedom—and cheered a series of speakers who denounced the dictatorial regimes of Batista and Trujillo. The audience, generously sprinkled with the special apparel of political exiles, dark glasses, was made up of men and women from three different Caribbean countries who are joined in a fraternal, informal community of opposition to the current neighboring dictators. The Cubans and Dominicans are exiles from their native countries, and the Puerto Ricans are their sympathetic hosts.

The Puerto Ricans, proud of their own democracy, are pleased to have their island serve as a port in the extended dictatorial storms, and the exiles find much popular support here, as well as official protection. There is also mutual support and camaraderie between the exile groups of different countries. The meeting above the café was staged to raise funds for Cuba's 26th of July Movement, which organizes outside support for Castro; it was attended not only by Cubans and Puerto Ricans, but also by the leaders of the main Dominican party in exile. This

*DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor. This is the second of three articles Mr. Wakefield has written from Puerto Rico. The final article, dealing with the Puerto Rican migration to the U.S. mainland, will appear shortly.*



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mutual sympathy is part of a long tradition in the Caribbean—in fact, it is one of the few existing inter-island traditions. For, despite their geographic proximity, the countries of this area have had surprisingly little contact, political or social. One of the few has been that between the exiles and their temporary hosts. Since all the countries in the region have experienced the problems of either colonial rule or home-grown dictatorship or both, the people are immediately sympathetic to neighbors fighting the same sort of battle. Before the rise of Batista, the Cubans used to turn out to cheer the Dominican exiles leaving or returning from Havana on their perennially abortive attempts to overthrow Trujillo. Now the Cubans have a dictator of their own, and the Dominicans sit in San Juan and cheer the representatives of Fidel Castro, who stop through to raise funds to fight Batista.

The Puerto Ricans have had a happier recent history, but they don't have to go too far back to find reasons for sympathizing with neighbors fighting dictatorship. When the Spanish took over the island on the second voyage of Columbus, Ponce de Leon and his merry men nearly managed to exterminate the entire native Indian population of the island in two generations, brought Negro slaves from Africa, and went on to rule for four centuries. It was not until 1897 that Puerto Rico managed to gain a home-rule government from Spain; and it was one year after that hard-earned triumph that America captured the island from the Spaniards and Puerto Rico was right back where it started from as a colony. The country has made another, shorter rise now to self-rule, working it out of the Americans in little more than half a century (1898-1952).

DEMOCRACY is popular today in Puerto Rico in both idea and practice. The Castro men who came here to organize the 26th of July Movement said they had received more widespread support in Puerto Rico than anywhere else they had been. Their meeting in San Juan was attended by some of the outstanding leaders of the Puerto Rican Government and trade-union movement.

More important, it was also attended by a man from the Puerto Rican security police who took names of people not known to him and who asked questions of Francisco Javier Guilliani, leader of the Dominican Populist Party, the largest political group in exile from Trujillo. The interest of the island security police in these affairs is not prompted by government disapproval, but rather by the fact that the exiles and their friends are in constant danger from agents of the dictators. Trujillo has a large delegation of agents in San Juan, centered in the Casa Dominicana—billed as a "cultural center" for Dominicans away from home—and not only the exile leaders, but their Puerto Rican sympathizers, are often threatened and sometimes attacked by Trujillo's men.

THAT THE threats are not to be taken lightly is proved by the long history of "extra-territorial" assassinations of Dominicans who oppose Trujillo. The recent, highly publicized disappearance of Dr. Jesus de Galindez from New York City is only one in a series of deaths and kidnapings of men who spoke or worked against the Dominican dictator. Sergio Bencosme, one of the first outstanding Trujillo opponents, was murdered in New York; Mauricio Baez, a trade-union leader who spoke against Trujillo at an inter-American labor conference, was murdered in Havana; Andres Requena, a newspaperman who wrote a book attacking the Trujillo regime, was shot and killed in New York; Manuel Jose Hernandez, leader of another anti-Trujillo movement, was stabbed and killed in Havana. Dr. Jesus de Galindez is one of a long line of assasins' victims.

It is one of the continual sources of suspicion and distrust of the U.S. Government among the people of the Caribbean that it proclaims democracy and gives diplomatic and financial support ($250,000 a year in Point Four funds, plus military aid) to a dictatorial regime with this record of slaughter—a record which does not even touch on the massacres and individual killings on Tujillo's own island.

No Dominican exile has yet been killed in Puerto Rico, but that can be credited more to the work of the island security police than to any lack of enterprise on the part of Trujillo's agents. This June, a Dominican-born man named Rafael Rivera Rosas went one night to the office of Dominican exile leader Francisco Guilliani and was beaten up and knifed by four attackers. The next day a note was delivered to Guilliani that read: "If this was not death for him, it will be death for you, Mr. Guilliani." Hector Landron, a Puerto Rican radio newsbroadcaster, interviewed some Dominican exiles on his program and spoke in sympathy with their cause, and the next day received a phone call threatening his life if he continued such broadcasts.

THE ROSAS attack, which capped growing reports of threats and attacks by Trujillo agents, prompted a statement from Puerto Rico's Governor Munos Marin:

> The alleged activities and attacks, carried out by persons said to represent a foreign government, against residents of our country should deeply concern everyone in Puerto Rico. Commonwealth police have strict orders to investigate those acts with the utmost energy. We cannot tolerate the extension to the peaceful and democratic life of Puerto Rico of dictatorial power from other countries.

There has been no public reaction to all these incidents from the U.S. Government. According to recent news dispatches, a U.S. Congressional committee is coming here to investigate communism, which is about as lively a movement in the Commonwealth as existentialism is in Dubuque, Iowa. But the committee will no doubt diligently search for Communist threats to Puerto Rican security, while Trujillo's men move unnoticed all around them, threatening life and limb of those who oppose the dictator.

Francisco Guilliani has been to Washington to ask for Congressional opposition to the current Dominican tyranny, but his only real support has come from Representative Charles Porter of Oregon, who has



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asked the United States to cut its aid to Trujillo. The other officials Guilliani saw—including such noted liberal Senators as Jacob Javits—were "privately sympathetic" but would go no further, Guilliani said.

In the meantime, Guilliani attends to the exiles. As head of the Dominican Populist Party, he is the leader of some 3,000 Dominican exiles now living in Puerto Rico. He is the man most often contacted by Dominicans who come to San Juan in escape from Trujillo, and he helps them find apartments and jobs and get established here.

But Guilliani is concerned with political as well as "domestic" action. He leads a weekly picket line outside the Dominican Embassy here on Saturdays, makes broadcasts to the Dominican Republic and sends in news and literature of his own party's promises and activities. His aim is not so much to draw people out of the Dominican Republic, but to establish a sympathetic following within it for his party and its stated principles of democratic politics. The Populist Party has never attempted any military attack on Trujillo's regime, and they say that they are planning none. Guilliani has little hope of an uprising within the tight military control that Trujillo has imposed upon his country with the help of U.S. arms aid and a national budget that devotes 55 per cent of its total to the military. "We will just have to wait till Trujillo dies," Guilliani says. "Then we will return, and with the help of our followers inside the country, set up a democratic government and democratic elections before another dictatorship starts."

BUT THE waiting strategy is not shared by all the exiled Dominicans. The smaller, élite Dominican Revolutionary Vanguard Party, which also has headquarters in San Juan, is led by Horacio Ornes, who has already made one assault on Trujillo's regime with a revolutionary invasion force. When asked if he intends to lead another, Sr. Ornes—a tall, handsome, mustached man who could easily play the movie role of a Latin revolutionist—smiles broadly and says "Who knows?"

The Ornes party is composed mainly of professional men and intellectuals—doctors, lawyers, writers, professors and former Trujillo diplomats. "One of the best ways of getting out of the country," Ornes explains, "is to join the diplomatic corps." Trujillo's state department has a long list of diplomats—including Ornes—who defected after being

*President Trujillo*

assigned to posts outside the country. But defection is always dangerous, whether it be from the diplomatic corps or merely from Dominican civilian life to civilian life in another country with affiliation to an exile party. Dr. Tancredo Martinez, one of the top officers of the Ornes party, became the most recent in the list of Dominican exiles assassinated abroad when he was shot down this September in Mexico City.

The Cuban exiles have had much less trouble from their home dictator's agents abroad than the Dominicans have had from theirs. One of the representatives of Fidel Castro who had come to Puerto Rico to help organize the 26th of July Movement said that Batista's agents, once outside the country, are just as afraid as the exiles they spy on. "Batista's spies know that our friends and brothers are with Castro in the Sierra Maestra, and that some of us have been there too. Batista's men know how we feel, and when they get outside the country and meet us on equal terms they know they are in just as much danger from us as we are from them."

Compared to Trujillo, Batista is still a novice at the dictator business, and his agents are no doubt suffering a cultural lag in the conduct of extra-territorial intrigue.

But the greatest threat that hangs over all the exiles, whether or not they are ever approached by a dictator's agent, is one that is seldom articulated. This is the possibility that when the great day finally comes and the dictator is overthrown, the man or party the exiles have lived and worked for may turn out to be just another dictator. It has happened often enough in the past, and the two Dominican exile parties both suspect that, if the other came to power, the result would be the establishment of another dictatorship. The leaders do not come right out and say so, for they all are bound for the moment by the common cause against Trujillo. But Ornes and Guilliani claim that the other's party would be "less democratic" than his own if it were ever returned to power.

IN THE case of the Cubans, all hope and faith rest with the young man leading the revolutionary forces from the ranges of the Sierra Maestra—Fidel Castro. His followers are confident of his good intentions, although he has no program except the immediate one of getting rid of Batista. The Cubans working for Castro at home and in exile seem to have the kind of faith in his "democratic ideals" that is held by Hacinto Vazquez, a young man who represents the 26th of July Movement in Puerto Rico. When asked of some proof of Castro's democratic ideals, Vazquez cited the fact that the revolutionary leader was always referred to, and has asked to be referred to, as "Dr. Castro," when he might well have assumed the title of "General" or "Commander" of the revolutionary forces.

On such thin threads hangs the hope of the exiles, and that of the mass of their countrymen still at home in our neighboring island dictatorships.



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# THE "RIGHT-TO-WORK" LAWS . . *by Frederic Meyers*

"RIGHT-TO-WORK" legislation is again an issue—not only in college debating societies, for which it is the current subject, but in the real world of political campaigns and legislative bodies. Senator Knowland, in his campaign for Governor of California, has made it an issue there. Last year Indiana became the first of the older industrial states to enact a "right-to-work" statute. The McClellan committee investigations have revived proposals for a national law forbidding the negotiation of "union-security" agreements.

It is hard to find out what the shouting is really all about. The slogans used by both the "pros" and the "cons" have little to do with the real issues. Sponsors of the legislation talk in terms of protecting the God-given right to work—yet none of the laws passed, or proposed, has anything to do with the "right" of employers (or God) to offer, or, for that matter, to refrain from offering employment, which is the only way any worker becomes endowed with a "right" to a job. Opponents of the legislation say it will destroy the labor movement—yet the labor movement is healthier now in the Southern states, which adopted this kind of law earliest and most nearly ubiquitously, than at any past time. Whatever the merits or evils of the legislation, the public debate by the parties has pretty effectively concealed them.

Generically, a "right-to-work" law declares a contract to be contrary to public policy, and unenforceable, which makes membership or non-membership in a union a condition of employment. Usually such contracts are also declared to be illegal, and the parties subject to legal sanction either by those injured or at criminal law. The demand for, or coercive measures aimed at, achieving such a contract may also be sanctionable. Statutes enacting most or all of these principles have been approved in eighteen states, most of them the less-industrialized and less well organized Southern and Rocky Mountain states.

As Freddie Arbuthnot, the *New Yorker's* cliché expert used to say, the operative word is "condition." What the laws do is to proscribe a particular condition of employment, namely that the actual or prospective employee become or remain a member of a union.

Now, on the one hand, employees are never hired *unconditionally*. They commonly agree, as a condition of employment, that they will report on time, that they will not be drunk at work, that they will work according to accepted norms of effort and efficiency, that they will accept specified rates of wages, that they will join in pension or hospitalization plans or associations, and so on. Some of the conditions are set by collective agreement; others are set unilaterally by the employer because no collective agreement exists or because the subject matter is not covered in the collective agreement.

Thus, no one has an unconditional "right to work": employers always place numerous conditions on employment, and they are never obligated, individually or collectively, to hire all those seeking employment. In this sense, the very title "right-to-work law" is a misleading one.

ON THE OTHER hand, we are quite accustomed to legislative proscription of certain conditions of employment. For example, it is unlawful in most industries to offer as a condition of employment that the employee work for less than $1.00 per hour, or that he fail to participate in the federal Old Age and Survivors' Insurance system. Thus the argument that the right of free contract might be infringed by "right-to-work" laws is also misleading. No absolute right to free contract, where the contract impairs other substantial rights or the welfare of society at large, exists.

We do, however, start with a presumption that state power should not regulate the terms of private contracts unless there is strong social reason for doing so. Is there such compelling reason in this particular instance?

A union-security agreement is an agreement between union and employer making prior or subsequent membership in a union, or continuance of membership for those already members, a condition of initial or continued employment. The present status, under federal law, of union-security agreements and the relationship of unions to individual workers should be kept in mind. Under the Taft-Hartley Act, except where state law forbids, modified forms of union security may lawfully be negotiated. A "closed shop"—that is, an agreement which restricts an employer's choice of employees to those who are already members of a union—is unlawful. However, agreement may be made requiring that, as a condition of continued employment, the employee must be willing after not less than thirty days to apply for membership in a union and to stand ready to pay ordinary initiation fees and ordinary dues. Rejection by a union of the applicant, or his subsequent expulsion from the union for reasons other than non-payment of dues, cannot be made the grounds of discharge. Further, the act makes it unlawful for a union to charge its members excessive or discriminatory fees or dues.

THUS, the negotiation of permissible union-security clauses does not increase the union's control over the personal acts of the individual worker. For example, if a strike is called, and if an individual member of the union crosses the picket line, he may be expelled from the union (provided the relevant constitutional procedures of the union are adhered to). But if he stands ready to continue to pay his union dues, he cannot subsequently be dismissed by his employer by reason of his non-membership. The only element in union discipline to which permissible clauses subject the employee is payment of dues. Permissible union-security agreements do not infringe the right of the worker, for

*FREDERIC MEYERS is on the faculty of the University of Texas.*



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example, to refuse to take an oath, or participate in a union ritual objectionable to his conscience, or to refuse to attend union meetings.

Furthermore, a union which, under the law, is recognized by the employer as the exclusive representative of certain employees, is legally obligated to represent all employees equally and without discrimination —whether they be members or no. For example, a union is legally obligated to process a grievance for a non-member in the same fashion as it would for a member; it cannot, moreover, negotiate wages or benefits exclusively applicable to members.

Clearly, federal law already regulates private collective agreements precisely in the areas in which the "right-to-work" law is designed to operate. The burden of this regulation is to require unions to represent all of the employees in a bargaining unit equally, *whether or not permissible forms of union-security agreements have been negotiated.* As I have pointed out, these permissible forms require only, in effect, that all employees can, as a condition of employment, be required to pay non-excessive or non-discriminatory dues to the union which is legally obligated to represent them, provided the union wishes to accept them in membership.

IN GENERAL, where a union is recognized by employers, a majority of the employees in the bargaining unit wish to be represented by the union. Only under such circumstances is the employer under legal obligation to recognize a union, and it is only rarely that a union can "coerce" recognition without such majority support. Furthermore, the history of a near-forgotten provision of the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947 (deleted in 1951), proves that a vast majority of employees in organized establishments want at least the modified forms of union security permitted by the law. Under the deleted provision, polls were held in plants employing 6,500,000 employees; of the 5,500,000 who cast ballots, 5,000,000 voted to authorize the negotiation of a union-security clause.

"Right-to-work" legislation, then, would protect the "right" of a small minority, say 10 per cent of the employees in organized establishments, to refrain from paying dues to a union. It would also protect the "right" of employers not to be embarrassed by a union demand for a union-security provision in the labor contract (though, of course, nothing in present law requires an employer to accede to a demand for union security—it is merely "bargainable"). It would infringe the "right" of, say, 90 per cent of the employees to ask for a particular condition of employment requiring all employees represented by the union to make the same non-excessive contribution to the costs of the union. It would also infringe the "right" of employers—and there are some—to enter into a union-security agreement because they prefer 100 per cent union membership, or in return for another concession by the union.

These, rather than any "right to work," are the rights involved in the controversy.

THE SIGNIFICANT issue, however, is not the size of the minority protected, but the importance of the rights protected and the rights infringed. If truly fundamental rights of even smaller groups were involved, the law would be justified in protecting them.

There are no objective tests of the significance of such rights. The states began to pass "right-to-work" laws in 1944, when Florida enacted a constitutional amendment. In 1947, eleven state laws were passed. We have thus had ten years of experience in twelve states. What has been the effect of the laws? This is extremely hard to judge, since one scarcely knows what to look for in the way of effects.

Since the important issue is the significance of the protected rights, rather than the number of individuals whose rights have been protected, the numbers of workers who have chosen to refrain from union membership would not be persuasive either way, even if the figures were obtainable. My study of the situation in Texas has led me to conclude that almost all workers in recognized bargaining units are voluntarily members of unions. The only relevance of this observation is to the irrelevant argument on behalf of supporters of the laws that many workers don't really want union security—it is imposed on them by union bosses. To this argument, the figures I cited from the old Taft-Hartley polls are an even more conclusive answer.

Unions argue that the purpose of the legislation is to destroy them. If this is the purpose, and I suppose that at least some of its sponsors regard it as such, it is remarkably poorly chosen. In the first place, the legislation does not become relevant until *after* the union is organized, at least in most types of situations. A union cannot effectively ask for a union-security clause until it has at least some organization and is recognized for bargaining purposes. To be sure, there are unions which "organize the employer," that is, obtain agreements by some means of pressure before employees are hired, or without substantial membership. But these are peripheral cases, generally limited to the casual industries. In general, employers don't recognize unions until at least a majority of their employees in the appropriate bargaining unit have in some way indicated their desire to be represented by the union. Only then, after the organization has been accomplished, does union security become an issue.

IN SUM, union-security clauses serve to complete the solidification of already established unions—unions which have sufficient strength to maintain their existence without the clause. It is, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that denial of the right to negotiate union-security clauses would serve to destroy many unions. Again, my own study of Texas, and rather casual observation in other states, would confirm this conclusion. Unions have not been destroyed in any larger numbers after 1947 than before, nor, in those cases where unions have not survived, is there any substantial reason to suppose that the "right-to-work" laws as such have had much to do with their demise.

Perhaps one qualification should be added to this conclusion. In some



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states, including Texas, one of the sanctions available to enforce the "right-to-work" law is an injunction obtainable in a state court restraining concerted activity, including picketing, having as its object coercing an employer into granting an illegal union-security clause. There still are some "injunction judges" who, no doubt, grant restraining orders or preliminary injunctions or even permanent injunctions, upon the allegation of an employer that the union is seeking an unlawful term of the contract, when, in fact, the concerted act—usually picketing—has the lawful purpose of obtaining union recognition. Such injunctions delay and disrupt organizing campaigns and may be the proximate cause of their failure. The fault here, if such cases occur, is with the judiciary and its bias, and not the law.

THE general conclusion, however, is that despite the illegality of union-security clauses in some eighteen states, unions already organized in these states are secure. The problem of organization is one on which the laws in question do not significantly impinge.

That labor unions are secure in these states points to the fact that there are numerous roads to union security. One road, of course, is evasion of the law, and anyone conversant with labor relations knows that evasion both of the Taft-Hartley Act anti-closed shop provisions, and of state "right-to-work" laws, is rather general. By one device or another—for example, in the building trades—organized employers manage to hire only organized employees. The reasons for this widespread evasion are not hard to find. Employers in these cases find evasion the most desirable of the alternatives available; in some cases, they prefer to operate this way. Enforcement, in some states, could be sought by criminal prosecution. But both union and employers are guilty, and since everyone knows that the law is not supposed to be directed against employers, no one is indicted. The only other recourse is a suit by an injured employee, that is, one who was refused a job by reason of his non-membership in a union. But the motive for non-hiring is almost impossible of proof, as our experience under the Wagner and Taft-Hartley acts indicates. Though there are many cases of successful allegations of discriminatory discharge, there are almost none of discriminatory refusal to hire.

Aside from evasion of the law, unions can become and remain secure by what employers are fond of calling "selling the union to the employees." How does a union sell its wares? It does so by emphasizing only one line, militancy, and by putting responsibility on the back shelf. It becomes extremely vigorous in response to any demand made by any fraction of its members (or potential members). It processes all grievances, whether or not it considers them well-founded. In other words, it sacrifices long-run responsibility and the building of long-run good labor relations to the retention of a minority of irresponsible or unseeing members. I do not think this is general, but I think it is a tactic which unions, perhaps without knowing it, are forced into when, in the absence of union-security clauses, they are forced to account for the "membership effects" of their policies at all times.

Basically for these reasons, I think "right-to-work" laws are bad public policy. I think they force to the forefront excessively militant union leadership and force *all* leadership to sacrifice the building of good responsible labor relations to the satisfaction of the immediate whims of a minority of members or non-members.

I DON'T THINK the laws are what either principal to the dispute alleges them to be (though I don't doubt the principals' sincerity). The major employer-sponsors of the legislation are not organized employers—they are unorganized employers who have no interest or experience in building good relations, or in what union security is or means. I don't think businessmen are infallible in this or any other respect, and I think these employers quite mistake the effects of their program.

I think unions are quite right in opposing the legislation. I think most union leaders think other unions might be destroyed by the legislation, but not theirs. They know too much about theirs to fear its destruction by this road. But what they do fear is the destruction of a relationship in which union security is an integral element. This fear, I think, is well-founded, but is not one upon which a public campaign can be based. One can't say one will be irresponsible if. . . .

IT MAY WELL be that the current public revelations of corruption in some unions will lend support to the "right-to-work" campaign. The slogan that no one ought to be forced to pay dues to Jimmie Hoffa has appeal.

However, bills of attainder are still unconstitutional. You can't, by law, single out Hoffa or the teamsters, and deny them the right to negotiate union security without denying it to other unions and employers in whose relationship union security plays a worthwhile and constructive purpose. There are other solutions to corruption in labor unions that will hit only corrupt unions, and hit them where the corruption hurts. After all, without alleging that it is corrupt, it is relevant to remark that the Southern Conference of Teamsters has survived and grown steadily through ten years of "right-to-work" laws.

I think that the campaign for or against "right-to-work" laws is as much symbolic as anything else. I think employer-sponsors want to pass the legislation to prove they can pass it, quite irrespective of any immediate benefits they expect to achieve from it, for themselves or for the alleged victims of alleged denials of non-existent rights to work. I think the labor movement must defend against the campaign, because the laws are undesirable—though not in the ways portrayed in the defense. But primarily they must defend to show that they can't be pushed around politically. It is the familiar story, at the political level, of the strike over a penny-and-a-half. The major issue is not the penny-and-a-half at stake, but who wins the battle.



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# What It Is To Be Human

*THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MONTAIGNE.* Newly translated by Donald M. Frame. Stanford University Press. 1,093 pp. $12.50.

***Joseph A. Mazzeo***

DONALD FRAME'S translation of the works of Montaigne is not simply a remarkably faithful one; it is an authentic literary work in its own right and a true re-creation of the original. Mr. Frame's English is contemporary and, like Montaigne's French, even appropriately colloquial, but he never forces the original into modern idiom simply to make Montaigne sound like a contemporary American. His translation has dignity as well as vitality, a dignity achieved without anachronistic echoes of English classics. In short, his version meets the primary requisites of any first-rate translation: integrity of style and artistic consistency of diction and tone, sustained in this case for hundreds of pages. Mr. Frame's very accurate work merits the highest praise one can give to a translation—the reader soon forgets that he is not reading an original work.

And there is good reason to welcome a new distinguished translation of Montaigne. His place among the greatest writers is unchallengeable, and many literary successors from Shakespeare to Gide have resonated to his power. His influence on French writers alone has been enormous. They have turned out more journals, diaries and memoirs than any other people, perhaps because each of them had sooner or later to come to terms with Montaigne's achievement.

As an artist Montaigne has always received his due, so it is with some surprise that we discover how little attention most of our standard histories of thought and culture give to his work. In a world where we are constantly bombarded with ultimata in the form "either/or," not only from the political and religious orthodoxies but also from the coteries of the "liberated," the works of the man who most powerfully and richly answered "Both!" have a particular relevance.

As a thinker Montaigne is usually neatly labeled a "pluralistic skeptic" or a "Renaissance neo-Pyrrhonist" and the historian rushes on in his anxiety to reach Descartes, a "real" philosopher. (Is it Montaigne's professed amateurism or his marvelous literary skill that leads so many professional historians to neglect him?) Yet his inquiry proceeds on a prevalent modern assumption that philosophy is centrally concerned with the realities and problems that a man confronts daily, that its task is the reflective analysis of all the modes of human experience, and that it can state its findings in ordinary language.

WHEN he adopted the motto "What do I know?" Montaigne found a truly new standpoint for thought, new at least in the way he applied it. He by-passed the dilemma of ancient skepticism which foundered on the contradictions implicit in the assertion that the only truth is that no truth can be known. Nor did he ever accept the central philosophic assumption of the past that particular truths inevitably point to a single system. In Montaigne's view, the rationalistic system builder rejected most of reality for the sake of mere consistency when the true aim of inquiry is inclusiveness. He thought that every system dealt with experience, as Procrustes dealt with his victims.

From another point of view, Montaigne completed the revolution in autobiographical realism begun by St. Augustine. Of course, St. Augustine's self as he surveys it in the *Confessions* is not entirely a mundane one. Ordinary events—the theft of pears, for example—are recounted only because God endowed them with a special significance, because they are in reality crucial episodes in a drama of salvation, revealing in one way or another man's depravity and God's mercy. In Montaigne, the sense that everyday experience is charged with latent significance remains, but it has been secularized and its range has been immeasurably broadened. Conversion to Christianity as the principle for the selection and ordering of events has disappeared, and all of experience demands interpretation. The result is that Montaigne is the first thinker to take all of daily life seriously, simply as itself, to see ordinary life as both typical and tragic, and to grasp fully the insecurity of everyday human existence and its problematic character.

Thus Montaigne's skepticism was really a way of discovering the truth in everything. He saw that those facts of nature and the self which make them seem so untidy are nonetheless real facts, and that man, with all of the contradictions of his experience, somehow issues from the all-inclusive unity of nature. Similarly, the apparently irreconcilable antitheses within consciousness actually all cohere in the unity of the self. However incompatible, the extremes of experience are all in one way or another true of the experiencing subject. Thus we can come to know something after all, if only in the form of tentative "essays." We can learn something of what we and the world in our variousness are like, and what we discover when we exhaust the contents of a single consciousness—including what is mean and trivial—will be a more universal truth than the constructions of the philosophers. Such a process has a beginning but it can have no end short of the extinction of consciousness itself. Its results can have no final shape, nor can they be molded into a symmetrical structure. They may possess a unity, but it is the

*JOSEPH A. MAZZEO is associate professor of English at Cornell University. He has published widely on Renaissance and Medieval literature and is the author of a forthcoming book,* Studies in the Structure of Dante's "Paradiso."



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mysterious unity conferred by their origin in a single personality.

MONTAIGNE, his book and his world are all of a piece, and they present us with a paradoxical fusion of the intensely personal and the universal. He usually begins an essay with a simple event—a mood or an encounter—or with something which captured his imagination while he was reading in his beloved library, perhaps an ancient custom or some lines of Virgil. Then, in what is best described as a free improvisation, or a set of variations on a theme, he expands the significance of the particular personal datum of experience until it finally includes us all. Perhaps the keenest pleasure in reading Montaigne is to follow his graceful, powerful, controlled mind in a process which is one of self-discovery in both the author and the reader.

By being intensely personal, by reflecting passionately on every shred of his own experience, Montaigne becomes truly universal. And this paradox, in the last analysis, is true of all great writers. Montaigne, like any artist, really never expounds anything, and does his work somewhere beyond the familiar categories of rhetoric and logic. He tells us that life is given to us in an endless series of concrete situations, each of them unique and each of them presenting a challenge.

This, I believe, is what Gide meant when he said that Montaigne teaches us liberalism. But I would add that it is a liberalism free of any simplified view of man's nature and his condition. Few men have been more acutely aware of the relative character of the absolute claims of culture, but he also was aware that tradition and culture were the strongest bulwarks against barbaric anarchy. In a time of violence and ghastly cruelties he keenly desired the peace and well-being of his contemporaries, but he knew that the ideologies of reform often coupled "supercelestial thoughts and subterranean conduct." He could admire the nobility of many of the customs of the cannibals who inhabited the new world, but he did not sentimentalize them or turn them into "noble savages." His sense of the relativity of culture and knowledge was always in the service of moral self-awareness.

Perhaps the most compelling and exciting aspect of Montaigne's work is his exploration of consciousness at the point where it rises from the deeper levels of mental life, and his conviction that the depth of the soul manifests itself in the trivial, the everyday and the biological, all of which in his hands become clues to the major problems of existence. Indeed, his conception of life is a profoundly biological one. Men, in Montaigne's view, turn life into a comedy when they forget that they are animals and try to behave with the rigid precision of mechanisms, or the detachment and omniscience of angels. They turn it into a tragedy when they make a partial truth absolute and harness the deepest bestial passions to the service of this superhuman claim. More than any other writer, Montaigne reminds us who and what we are, what it is to be human.

# The East for a Change

*FIVE MODERN NO PLAYS.* By Yukio Mishima. Alfred A. Knopf. 198 pp. $4.

*FIRES ON THE PLAIN.* By Shohei Ooka. Alfred A. Knopf. 246 pp. $3.50.

*SNOW COUNTRY.* By Yasunari Kawabata. Alfred A. Knopf. 175 pp. $3.

*THE MAKIOKA SISTERS.* By Junichiro Tanizaki. Alfred A. Knopf. 530 pp. $4.95.

***Kenneth Rexroth***

SOMEBODY at Knopf's seems to have resolved to transport a considerable portion of modern Japanese literature across the Pacific. This is fine. At the worst it still makes interesting reading. It's a change. American fiction is certainly in a rut. Troubled in mind I once sat down for the night with a pile of science fiction, each volume good for about two hours' oblivion. In the late watches I suddenly realized I was half way through a book I had finished an hour before. I had made the mistake of going to the refrigerator for a beer and had got the *In* and *Out* stacks mixed up. One of the nice things about the Japanese is that they write about all sorts of odd and interesting places, almost as interesting as the sxluxv mines on Venus. For another thing, the Japanese are still writing about putative adults. The American highbrow seems hopelessly, inextricably, trapped in his own miserable adolescence. Reading the fiction in the average quarterly I often feel the way Heywood Broun felt when he interviewed Hendrik Van Loon—wet. It is lovely for a change to read about characters who shave or even lactate.

Since the Goncourts and Manet started collecting crumpled Japanese prints out of packing boxes, the wily islanders have been exporting a steady stream of art and literature with an always reliable, built-in exoticism. It took the print collectors half a century to find out that just because something is exotic is no sign that it's good. Novel readers may never make this discovery, but go along happily consuming everything Mr. Knopf imports for years to come. As a matter of fact, two of these books are pretty bad and two are pretty good, or fair plus.

Yukio Mishima's *The Sound of Waves* sold well last season. It should have; it was much like the sexy peasant pastorals that are so popular as movies in Japan nowadays. *Five Modern No Plays,* based on classic themes, is more corn, but not of the same kind. It is early nineteen-twenty-one Little Theatre corn of the "Hist! Dimitri! the saws are in the kasha!" "Ah! Feodora Feodorovna, what of your tuberculosis?" variety. I sometimes wonder if rewriting the great tragedies is ever a good idea. Perhaps it really is irreverent. It is hard to get the modern adulteration out of your mind the next time you see the classic, and this is certainly a disservice. Rarely the rewriting does open up new perspectives. The French do this sort of thing best of all. Yukio Mishima does it badly; he is far indeed from Cocteau or Sartre. "They face each other in silence. Weird music." Un-hunh. My understanding of the terrible, embodied hate that has taken foot and walked away from Genji's mistress and is destroying his wife and will destroy everything he loves for generations is not in the least deepened and enriched by this sort of thing.

SHOHEI OOKA's *Fires on the Plain is* a shocker about a soldier lost on Leyte after the Japanese collapse. He shoots

*KENNETH REXROTH's most recent work is a phonograph record,* Poetry and Jazz at the Cellar.



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a defenseless woman. He becomes deranged by starvation. His companions trick him into cannibalism. He is captured and sent back to Japan where he ends his days in an insane asylum. Shohei Ooka is a competent writer. He knows how to get the effects he wants, convincingly and with economy. He is never cheap the way Yukio Mishima is always cheap. Still, the book seems to miss its final intention completely. There is a social meaning in the portrayal of a man at the ultimate extremity of inhumanity. Is there a tragic meaning? Like Aristotle long ago, I think not. Furthermore, as many have pointed out before me, horror stories about war defeat their purpose if that purpose is to make war undesirable. The great evil of modern life is *tedium vitae,* the awful boredom that comes with self alienation and lack of aim. It is precisely the horror of war that makes it attractive—at least to the imagination of the passive reader. Ford Madox Ford's Teitjens series, e. e. cummings' *The Enormous Room* are the great books they are precisely because they show that underneath the blood, sweat and tears war is the humdrum evil of the same old civilian peacetime world, enormously hypertrophied. The real cannibals are in swivel chairs, boudoirs and cocktail bars, just as always. So the war horror novel is dishonest almost in strict proportion to its horror. *Fires on the Plain* is one of thousands, written all over the world, a slightly better example of a bad type.

ONE of the best things about most modern Japanese novels is that they are usually a little out of date. A Symbolist novel by a French or American contemporary would be hard going, but it is refreshing to have the dreamy, delicate world of pre-1914 modernist fiction revived and transmuted by the Japanese sensibility and presented in terms of the Japanese scene. Also the style has ancient roots in Japan and so gains an additional resonance from the echo of tradition. If Mallarmé had ever written a novel, it might well have resembled Yasunari Kawabata's *Snow Country.* It is all very *faineant* and aimless and precious. Shimamura is a young Japanese businessman who writes articles on Western ballet. He is a leading authority. But he has never seen a ballet and has no desire to see one. On the way to a weekend at a mountain village, one of those peculiarly Japanese resorts with a hot spring and ski slope, he sees a girl on the train. He does not look at her, but watches her face, brightly reflected over the moving, snowbound night landscape outside the window. This is the central symbol of the book; changes are rung on its elements—night, snow, bright light, a fleeting face—and the plot such as it is revolves around them.

Since about 1920 it has been impossible to write a novel like this in a Western language and make it stick. If one were published it would seem as silly as those lamentable Midwestern free verse *haiku* once so popular with sensitive housewives. But *Snow Country* comes from a country where *haiku* were invented and are still written, though possibly not as well as once they were, and so it does really have the poignancy it strives for, and a terrible sense of the waste of love and of all bright fleeting things that flicker out against the dark background of the winter world. It is sentimental even to say that—but the Japanese are possibly the only people who have made sentimentality bearable. In fact, they have made an art of it.

Junichiro Tanizaki's long novel is the most ambitious of this year's crop from Japan. Whether it is better than *Snow Country* is a matter of taste. It is not an exercise of the sensibility, but a family epic of a type going back to Chinese novels like *Golden Lotus (Hsi Men and His Six Wives).* Originally, I suppose, there was a Far Eastern moral to this type of tale, "When the future is in the hands of women, the house will fall." The plot is still the same, but the Makioka sisters are viewed with considerably more sympathy than they would once have been. The blurb speaks of "a great family," "upper class life." But that is just the point—these are daughters, not of the upper class, but of the ambitious and pretentious higher ranks of the employee class. Father Makioka was on his way up, the daughters were raised to be fine ladies, but he is dead and the whole novel is concerned with the struggle to hold the pathetic position already gained, of course by distinguished marriages. But the social pressure is always downwards. The girls

## Sibling Hostility

Oh how they persecute my attempts at working!
Presently that sibling will leave
And my mother in the mornings will not converse
With herself, so all will be quiet,
Quiet, quiet, silence is a treasure!
Why, it is bleak as a jug, without leisure,
Without the quietude of travel,
The mind's walking,
The ignition of sedation,
Of sedentary summation,
Of cumulative decision,
I mean of doing what one pleases.
(No matter if it oneself displeases,
It is important, sometimes, to do as one pleases.)
Harriet thinks different.
In her book one should do the displeasing
To be rewarded with the pleasing.
A crowbar in one hand, a cigarette in the other;
But ethic demands a penalty
In her book, one cannot sit smoking,
And a pen in the hand to her is no crowbar
But a drag of marihuana,
Or a Marlboro or a Camel,
Or a whisk of whiskey.
I conceive a pen as being both
The cigarette and the crowbar, in the same hand,
And it may accomplish all she does
And more, since she, instead of putting linoleum
On the sink, has spent the summer pasting
White phony enamel on slop buckets.
I can never smoke with a clear conscience.
Which is not to impugn her method,
But to suggest the cat of guilt
Is skinned in many ways
And in many queer guises.
We are all, alas! endlessly eased by endless ruses!

RUTH HERSCHBERGER



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have nothing to back them up as brides, and have to make do with what they can get. In each case the defeat is sordid, disastrous, or just dull.

This is certainly an eminently Far Eastern story, but it could also be by Balzac or Thackeray. In addition, although Tanizaki may not be a better writer than Balzac, he has things the French writer lacks—the close narrative plotting, almost as dense as Dick Tracy or a soap opera, derived from the great Chinese novels, and of course the poignant imagism of a writer saturated in Japanese poetry. Perhaps the best characterization would be to call *The Makioka Sisters* the unseen seamy side of Jane Austen.

# Inside the Machine

*ON THE LINE.* By Harvey Swados. Atlantic, Little Brown. 233 pp. $3.75.

***Allan Seager***

A COUPLE of years ago I was talking to a man who had just left one of the Detroit automobile factories where he had been personnel manager. He was between jobs and on his way to a better one; he had had three or four drinks. He said, "A thousand bucks a day is not enough to pay a man for working on a line. Until you accept this as a fact, you won't get anywhere monkeying with labor relations." Since the dissipation of responsibility in an organization is guaranteed by its very nature, he took for granted the existence and operation of the line and he did not seem to be aware that he had been talking what amounted to treason.

Harvey Swados' *On the Line* tells why a thousand bucks a day is not enough. It is a *roman à thèse* but the focus of the book is where it should be —on the people, not on the thesis. It is only after you finish the book that you see the line as a kind of fate these men had to struggle over and accomplish.

For Leroy, the big Negro with the fine voice, the line is to supply him with money to study singing; for Pop, the oldest man, the line gives him the money to buy a car for his son after the boy has raised his high school grades high enough for college; for Harold, the former rummy, it is an arena where he can exhaust himself every day to keep from drinking; Orrin's pride was involved, quite uselessly. He wanted to be the best workman, to think himself indispensable, although there was no one to recognize him, no one to tell him so. One fact is obvious in all these relationships: no one likes the work for itself. The baits are money or some privately conceived struggle that gives their inane, fatiguing movements a meaning. To anyone like Mr. Swados, who has worked in a factory, these are not rare cases chosen to make interesting stories. They are typical.

IN THE Thirties, writers thought of workingmen as heroes or villains of labor—heroes if they were fomenting strikes, working to get a union in the plant, or following the sinuosities of the Communist Party line; villains if they were hostile to these things or apathetic. No one seemed to care what kind of people they were; what cares, what aspirations they had if these were not political. Nor does anyone except Mr. Swados seem to care now. Information emanates from government and labor union agencies, but the picture is statistical and it is almost impossible to abstract a live man out of a statistical picture. It is to Mr. Swados' great credit that he uses human beings as protagonists in his struggle.

Quietly, no sweat, Mr. Swados shows us how desperate the struggle is and he does it through one character who lights up all the others: Joe, who calls himself "the vanishing American." He is the one who reminds us and the other men on the line that the country has a history, that once there was at least a notion of freedom and independence here. He makes no friends because there is no time for friendship in the factory. He is a competent workman but he never stays long in one place; he has no family, no ties. He says, "In a place like this a man's life goes down the drain like scummy water." Through this floater, a man who will leave the job when the weather turns, we realize what the real struggle is for the men who remain on the line. It is not to achieve any high or noble ideals in their lives; it is only to keep some idea of themselves as human beings from getting itself stamped, ground, hammered, buffed, or chiseled away entirely.

*ALLAN SEAGER, novelist, teaches at the University of Michigan.*


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# THEATRE

## *Harold Clurman*

ALMOST all the merit and quality of Carson McCullers' *The Square Root of Wonderful* have become imperceptible in its production at the Lyceum. The scene designer is a gifted man, nearly all the actors are talented and the author is a superior writer. The total is a dud. This is so painful a paradox that I would prefer to skip it were it not for the fact that it illustrates the role of stage direction.

If the play has a thesis it is that love or sex attraction must stop somewhere short of suicide. The play recounts the conversion of a young woman from sentimental sex romanticism to humane common sense. But neither of these descriptions fits the play because Carson McCullers is a poet and her writing is largely an improvisation around characters and a basic situation which are seen in a weblike maze of memory and emotional meditation: an inspired dream at twilight without any precise center or sharp outline. The characters often fall out of focus, and it is one of the mistakes of the play's composition that the author felt constrained to make her story straightforward so that it might appear logical to the prosaic mind. The script might have been better if it had had the faults natural to its author's genius.

No one around seems to have concretely realized the "music"—humorous, eccentric, daft in a way that is both earthy and ethereal—of the playwright's creative bent. The set which needed to be a mere suggestion—veiled and vaporous—is a mess of ugly lumber sufficient to build a cottage in Nyack. The young woman of the play whose sensuality is as innocent as it is direct has been transformed into a "spiritual" creature with a perpetually breathy speech. (Everyone seems to forget Keats's remark that there is no one less "poetic" than a poet.) The husband, a destructive person only because he is destroyed, a lost soul seeking a cocoon, all vulnerable retreat, is rendered into a sadistic monster, bursting with aggressive thrust. The suitor, a man whose quiet understanding supposedly stems from tempered power, is pictured as merely soft. The pseudo-aristocratic Southern mother whose middle-class selfishness and obtuseness are protected by an inheritance is played tartly like a George Kaufman "weisenheimer." Only the librarian sister-in-law, reduced to a whisper by her environment, gives a resemblance of what the author intended.

As a result, lyric writing, beautifully awry, and wonderfully intuitive character sense have been flattened into semi-caricature. I mention no names: specific blame would not serve my point.

*JAMAICA* (Imperial), a "calypso" musical wrought by a team of generously endowed theatre craftsmen—E. Y. Harburg, Fred Saidy, Harold Arlen, Robert Lewis—is a somewhat taxing experience. There are however mitigating elements.

The "book" has an "idea": the struggle by simple fishermen of a Jamaican village against the corruption of big-time mechanization. Some of the numbers are lively in rhythm and verbally sharp—with now and again a glance at social significance. But the show progresses to diminishing returns. A lack of spontaneity or genuine invention becomes evident long before the final curtain.

*Jamaica's* main attraction is Lena Horne. She is a beautiful woman and a highly skilled singer of popular songs. No one can fail to be impressed by her "cool" elegance—the artful cover of a secret flame. But I found myself a little worried by the fact that most of Miss Horne's songs were briskly jazzy with a bit of rock and roll thrown in, whereas her gifts seem to lie in a more sober area; the song of sentiment she sings in the show is one of the weaker numbers. Then too I was slightly put off by the extra fine polish and smoothness of Miss Horne's present technique. She was more touchingly effective some years ago when her style was less burnished.

Josephine Premice is another talented entertainer with a certain charming grotesquerie about her, and Ossie Davis is a winning actor. Yet all these credits hardly compensate for an absence of conviction and joy in the show.

*FAIR GAME* (Longacre) is a likably vulgar entertainment. There are people who lament that plays of this sort should draw large audiences. Let them spare their tears. This kind of play has been the staple of the popular theatre for at least a hundred years and will continue to be so.

*Fair Game* deals with pretty young divorcees among the wolves of the New York garment industry. No problem, you say. You are wrong. The woods are full of them, and there are delighted gasps of recognition in the audience for which the play is intended.

As for myself, I am partial to pretty girls and deft acting. There are several pretty girls in the show and no defter actor is extant on Broadway than Sam Levene. (He is ably abetted by Robert Webber and Sally Gracie.) Levene's concentration is ferocious. His delivery of lines has the shrewd grasp and energy of the biggest operators in any line of consumer business. His work—like Groucho Marx's—is Americana. But while Groucho Marx is a great clown, Sam Levene is a true actor.

SPACE does not permit me more than a mention of *Clérambard* (Rooftop Theatre). It is a wily comedy by Marcel Aymé—a great success in Paris some three or four seasons ago—which in its current presentation boasts intelligently colorful performances by the knowing Claude Dauphin and a promising novice, Tammy Grimes. Perhaps I shall have occasion to return to Aymé's play when I review another Frenchman's comedy—Anouilh's *Time Remembered*—next week.

# MUSIC

## *Lester Trimble*

WHEN Carlisle Floyd's musical drama, *Susannah*, was performed for the first time at the New York City Center last season, it struck an immediate popular success and won the Music Critics' Circle award as well. This season, just before its remounting, a bit of nervousness began to go the rounds. What if last year's peony turned out to be this year's cabbage? Happily, nothing of the sort occurred. *Susannah*, while it certainly never merited the heavy chest-heaves some people managed on its behalf, is an extremely effective stage work. It plays well—indeed, it is practically foolproof—and such weaknesses as it displays are chiefly in its music.

The libretto, written by the composer, is based upon the story of Susannah and the Elders. Its scene is the New Hope Valley, Tennessee; time, the present. When the curtain rises on the first of the two acts, a square dance is in progress. (Square dances seem to be as basic to American operas and ballets as cowboys are to the movies.) The text, with fine economy, establishes the hell-fire and damnation tone of the



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valley folks' religion and the particular viciousness of a Mrs. McLean, who disapproves of the nineteen-year-old Susannah because of her enviable beauty and her carefree manner. A revivalist preacher, Olin Blitch, makes his appearance, having come to the valley to preach the next day's service. Surprisingly, in view of his professed austerity ("I always come a day early fer thinkin', an' prayin', an' fastin'"), he singles out Susannah and dances with her, although he has just been warned by Mrs. McLean that "They's bad blood in that family." Clearly, Reverend Blitch has a yen.

From this point, the action speeds forward in short, succinct scenes. Susannah is accidentally spied upon by a group of the church elders as she bathes nude in a creek. This sinful behavior is reported to the village and the girl is ostracized. The seriousness of her plight is compounded when Mrs. McLean forces her feeble-minded son to attest, falsely, that he has made love to Susannah. In the opera's most dramatically energetic scene, the Reverend Blitch exhorts the girl to make public confession of her sin, and she refuses. That evening, the revivalist, impelled by a combination of religious fervor and rising lust, visits the farm where Susannah and her drunken, good-natured brother have stayed on after their parents' death. The brother is away on a hunting trip, and Susannah, exhausted and totally disillusioned, is easily seduced. When her brother returns the next morning, he murders the preacher and flees. Susannah is left alone to face the mob.

I have recounted the story in such detail because I wanted it to be clear that Floyd has got hold of very strong dramatic stuff. There is high tragedy in the lone girl's battle against viciousness and in the preacher's helpless fall from grace. Indeed, a Grand Opera could have been written on such a libretto. But the composer, while he created a musical drama that is theatrically efficient, did not fulfill the grandeur of his material. You come away from *Susannah* with the feeling that you have witnessed only the sketch of an opera, and that most of the real events have occurred offstage, without benefit of musical fulfillment.

IT IS ALSO unfortunately true that Floyd employed in this work a musical style which is almost a *lingua franca* among conservative, commercially employed, or academic composers. Its chief aim is to please. The harmonies are pale reflections of various earlier periods, serviceable for the blending in of folk-song type tunes and four-square hymnal sonorities, but nowhere marked with the personality of any composer. They are not necessarily offensive, particularly if one's attention is drawn elsewhere by strong dramatic action. But the precise point is that this medium is congenitally incapable of carrying strong emotions. Pastel sentiments it can project, and sweet summer nights. Human passion it cannot touch.

Therefore, the author of *Susannah* was unsupported by his medium at each place where strong emotion was called for. In the scene where Susannah is seen naked by the elders, none of their prurience and subsequent over-reaction are audible in either the voice lines or in the orchestra. When the village women build up venom and ostracize Susannah; when the girl, emotionally shattered, is half suspecting herself of sin; even in the scene which ends with Susannah's seduction—the music remains esentially tuneful and unevocative. In verbal terms, too, it seemed to me that the preacher's declaration of physical desire for Susannah was an almost exact illustration of this kind of un-intensity. His refrain was: *"I'm a lonely man, Susannah."* Here, a character with proven capacity for animal-like religious frenzies, who obviously was capable of the same violence on a sexual level, can only say weakly that he is "lonely" when on the point of seducing a girl he had come to confess. If, at this moment, a really strong and expansive flight of melody had been possible, the opera would have taken off for the skies. It could have been another *Tosca*. But, instead, emotions were lightly sketched in, pointed at, and the characters hurried offstage.

I hope I do not belabor *Susannah* too much. As I said earlier, it is an exceedingly effective theatrical piece, and it is honest. But, since Floyd's further success has been assured by a commission from the Santa Fe Opera Company to compose an opera on *Wuthering Heights*, it is appropriate to say that I hope he will deepen and intensify the qualities of his musical thought. *Susannah*, I suspect, was conceived partly in terms of college opera workshop requirements. Its numerous, cleverly handled speaking parts, and its tentative handling of sexuality suggest that he had such groups in mind. Many of our American operas are written with an eye on college performances, since no other widespread outlets exist. But it would be an ultimate pity if American opera were to be hamstrung by the limitations of adolescent performers and audiences. It is enough that the mass media are conditioned to be "inoffensive," uncontroversial and naive. Let us at least develop a native opera that speaks to adults in an adult voice.

## Influenza

Winter, in rigid dress, moves
to my window.
She is angry because I closed the door
And rattles the sash with stiff fingers.
Her moon-cold eyes freeze my bones
And my strength washes from me
Like water over an old scrub board.
The cat purrs and leaps upon my bed.
I lie down but am too ill
To call the doctor.

Floating under translucent water
I lie, clothed fully, on sea-drenched moss.
Strange fish, a-green, a-dazzle,
Swim angular, a movement of color.
Only the blue marlin on my key chain
Sails near with sharp and
recognizing glance.
The cat touches my cheek with her paw,
Gently, and I awaken.
I sense the pleading in her stare
But turn my gaze.
A swordfish must have stabbed my eyes.

RUTH G. VAN HORN

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# FILMS

## *Robert Hatch*

GRAHAM GREENE, one of the best of living melodramatists, often gives the impression of being ashamed of his trade. No one turns the screws of suspense more gracefully or uses the irony of coincidence with more excruciating wit, but somewhere along the way Mr. Greene can be counted on to remember that Heaven's his destination and his yarn then falls sickeningly into sentimentality. It is bound to do so, for sentimentality is melodrama understood as truth.

So *Across the Bridge*, which for much of its length is a chase tale of elegant ingenuity, winds up as a moist homily on loneliness and love, with man's best friend delivering the message. Having carried his plot two-thirds of the way by the canniest showmanship, Greene then suddenly reverses his collar and exhorts us to be better men. Embarrassing is the only word for it.

Nevertheless, I would urge the picture for the amusement in all but its last chapter, for the excellent pseudo-documentary direction of Ken Annakin and for a spectacular performance by Rod Steiger. It becomes evident that Steiger is a throwback, an excellent one, to an earlier type of actor. He is an accent and make-up man; he plays the exterior of a character with a verisimilitude that makes you his delighted dupe. In this instance he is a British financier of German origin on the lam from New York to Mexico; pompous, arrogant, vain, but with the ingratiating agility of some heavy men. The accent is a wonder; the masking glasses, the cruel little gestures, the primping and bullying are the brightest prisms of comment. It is not the best kind of acting to reduce character to costume; in fact it is one of the traps that powerful actors must spot in their paths (Michael Redgrave is forever threatening to fall into it). But I gather that Mr. Steiger is an entertainer, and his way with the image of a man is wonderfully entertaining.

WITH her second picture, *Cabiria*, Giulietta Masina raises the question of whether she is an actress or a clown. The new film is uncomfortably close in mood and implication to *La Strada*; it permits Signorina Masina to continue wooing us with a very small bag of tricks: the self-depreciating crooked grin and half skip, the eyes opened in dog-like devotion, the boyish slump of utter dejection and the sudden recovery to defiant gaiety. She is already being called "the little tramp," but I don't think she is a new Chaplin in our midst. Her pantomime is not sufficiently eloquent (it says what it says with great poignancy, but the conversation is limited), she doesn't generalize enough and essentially she is the servant of the story, not the spinner of her own dream. I suspect that she is no clown, but an actress typed by her director-husband, Federico Fellini, who perhaps knows her strengths and weaknesses too well and who is too eager for her success.

In *Cabiria*, Signorina Masina plays a bobby-sox whore (a little older than that, but still the attitude is bobby-sox) who has an ineradicable faith in the honorable intentions of the men she meets. She is almost drowned at the beginning of the picture, she is almost drowned again at the end, and you leave her with a morbid certainty that her heart will lead her to a watery grave.

I regret to say that you don't much care. The little tricks of gaiety, sorrow, trust and truculence are played as though at the ends of strings. Signorina Masina is a winning creature, but she has been allowed to win too easily.

Fellini has worked a bit of satire into the story in a passage between Cabiria and a famous movie star (played by Amedeo Nazzari). The actor's elegant weariness, carried almost to the point of luxurious coma, is an amusing, if somewhat out-of-date joke. And the background is occasionally vivid and instructive: the girls, most of whom live in the squatter shacks on the outskirts of Rome, gather at night in a little square on the truck route leading from town. There they squabble and boast and listen to jazz on their pimps' car radios until some trucker shifts gears, throws open his cab door and gives a shout. How the girls get back in the morning I don't know.

RENE CLEMENT has a terrible story to tell in *Gervaise*, which is an adaptation of Zola's "The Dram Shop." In it a woman of great capacity for happiness and the energy and intelligence to make a good place of her world is broken to rubbish before your eyes. Being beautiful but a cripple, she is a prey to any man who smiles at her; and, by and large, men who are kind but weak are the ones who turn her way. Thus, given weakness all around, given poverty, given the malevolence of an assisting harpy, a woman is destroyed without anyone's having delivered a really fatal blow. Except the plot: it quite directly beats its heroine to a pulp.

For that reason, and despite excellent direction and a luminous performance by Maria Schell, one manages to stay outside the tragedy. This may be partly Zola's fault; the realistic moralists of an earlier style rode their themes with little regard for the instinct of self-preservation. Once they had decided that a character was doomed, no amount of intelligence or strength, and certainly no mercy of luck, could save him. In fact, the stronger and smarter he was, the more effective the crash. There is a good deal of this in *Gervaise*; it is hard to convince yourself that a girl as resourceful and plucky as this one is made to appear, would so passively sink into despairing squalor. But I suspect also that Zola's story has lost depth in adaptation; the character defects, as shown, seem insufficient for the horrible consequences. A little common sense, some spark of pride, the minimum show of love or generosity could have checked the disaster at a dozen points. The people concerned do not lack these virtues, but down they go, almost without a struggle. Thus the malevolence in *Gervaise* seems imposed, not engendered.

The picture is prettily made, by which I mean that its scenery and costumes and supporting actors are exactly right but also obviously scenery and costumes and supporting actors. It is stagy work, which is odd coming from the director of *The Battle of the Rails* and *Forbidden Games*. The acting is a little bigger than life, which would have given the picture a properly epic quality if the drive of passion had been brought into it. As it is, prearrangement spins the plot.

## The Tourist's Complaint to God: Yellowstone Park

The bear has clawed my hand;
Real blood comes from the wound.
Incredulous, I stare.

Almighty Government-Father,
Why hast thou not protected me
From this peril?
I am thy child, I trusted thee.
Thou hast presented me with this park;
Why hast thou betrayed me with pets
that turn
To rip my trusting flesh?
Hast thou forsaken me?
Thou hast left real danger
In thy pretty park!

JEANNETTE GOULD MAINO



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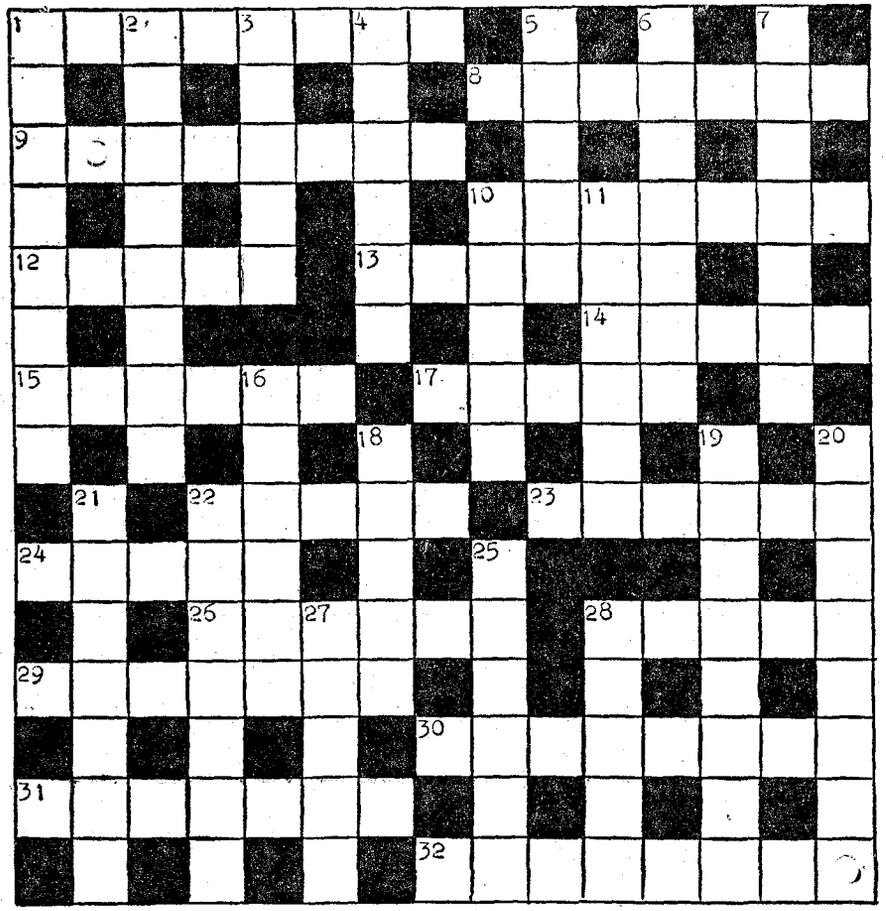
# Crossword Puzzle No. 747

**By FRANK W. LEWIS**



**ACROSS:**

1 The sort of tin one finds in everyday circumstances, in a fastidious manner. (8)
8 You can make a car do it, but it implies a certain amount of arterial traffic. (7)
9 It might involve India gut making sure 7 don't lie. (8)
10 It seems to take long with a partner to bold this tidbit! (4, 3)
12 You couldn't say yours didn't care for you. (5)
13 What sounds as though it might be spread could stay with you. (6)
14 and 15 See 18 down.
17 Things do in consequence. (5)
22 Snake type (half-size) of tree. (5)
23 How a pronouncement of Lavrenti Paviovich should start to suggest one place or another, almost. (6)
24 Emergency in the extreme, which might prove rather wearing. (5)
26 Style a registered 12 might make up-to-date. (6)
28 See 18 down.
29 This officer shouldn't have a quick case, with nothing in Mr. Horner's place. (7)
30 Dislike of one rendering? (8)
31 See 16 down.
32 Rails. (8)

**DOWN:**

1 What is the sea doing, otherwise, to make a determination? (8)
2 Remotely connected with nice dirt. (8)
3 Sought by would-be champions? Right! (5)
4 Flies in the field or on the ocean. (6)
5 Saw a gun, perhaps. (5)
6 Following the lake bed over it? (7)
7 Numbers of diagrams, as one supposes. (7)
10 See 19 down.
11 Being "U" in pre-Nasser days? (6)
16 and 31 across Some 7 might be at the beach, but evidently not too hard for seers. (4, 2, 3, 4)
18 14 across, 15 across, 25 down and 28 across Evidently dividing lollipops equally is not recommended. (5, 4, 1, 6, 2, 4, 5)
19 and 10 down The tip of an icicle? (8, 5)
20 Hurried heads of state, with more than one degree. (8)
21 Uses 24, possibly. (7)
22 When he dealt, it might imply a strong defensive suit. (7)
25 See 18 across.
27 Submit to delay. (5)
28 Was this vessel wrecked by a berg? (5)

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 746**

ACROSS: 1 SALUTARILY; 6 AMID; 10 NETTLED; 11 EFFORTS; 12 SKINNERS; 13 INCUR; 15 OVALS; 17 PARSIMONY; 19 FOOLHARDY; 21 LOSER; 23 ARMOR; 24 BELLBOYS; 27 DUSTIER; 28 ALUMNUS; 29 NEST; 30 TALMUDISTS. DOWN: 1 SENT; 2 LATAKIA; 3 TALON; 4 RED PEPPER; 5 LOESS; 7 and 25 MOROCCO ROUND; 8 DESTROYERS; 9 OFFICIAL; 14 ROOF GARDEN; 16 SPHEROID; 18 ROYAL PALM; 20 OSMOSIS; 22 SAYINGS; 24 BERIA; 26 ISIS.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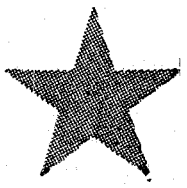

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